



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

or

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,621, Vol. 62.

November 20, 1886.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

COUNT KALNOKY AND HIS CRITICS.

THE world has now had a week to judge the Austrian PRIME MINISTER's reply to Lord SALISBURY's invitation; and every day has brought the thinking portion of the said world round further and further to that view of the matter which is inconvenient to Russia. The real ill temper of Russian advocates has increased; their affected satisfaction has decreased. Some French newspapers (now, as when it was first said of their nation, "the last to understand either "what really does or what really does not happen out of France") still pretend a belief that England is in some way checkmated and disappointed. But everywhere else the understanding of the true meaning of the affair waxes daily; and in Russia at least there has never been any mistake. It was, of course, not to be expected that Count KALNOKY would take the same outspoken line which was open to the unattached ANDRASSYS and ZICHYS. But his language was quite plain enough even at first; and it was made much plainer by his subsequent disavowal of the allowance of any special right of interference in Bulgaria to Russia. Of course, as has been very truly and sensibly remarked, he may not have meant what he said, or his master may not be prepared to stand by what the Minister's words evidently mean. But this is understood in all matters; and political discussion is only possible on the supposition that men do mean what they say, and do intend to stand by their words. This being so, Count KALNOKY has accepted, and more than accepted, the bill drawn upon him at Guildhall. He has distinctly asserted the intention of Austria to protest against, and he has not indistinctly asserted her intention to resist by force of arms, the landing or advance of Russian troops on Bulgarian soil; and in his later corrections he has distinctly denied the pretensions of Russia to anything more than a sentimental predominance over other Powers as far as interest in Bulgaria is concerned. Nothing short of a literal "Hands off!" could be more discouraging to Russia, and nothing more could reasonably be expected, considering the proceedings—the ill-omened proceedings, if Count ANDRASSY likes—at Skernevice and Kremsier.

The only comfort of the partisans of Russia appears to be that what Count KALNOKY said does not amount to more than a refusal to permit a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, and that, after all, Russia has always denied that she intends to occupy. Now this is a very curious confirmation of the truth of the view which these very persons seek to discourage. It has been shown here from the very first, and appears to be at last understood in some quarters which were long closed to the comprehension, that, if Russia may not occupy, she is absolutely powerless. Without an army at his back, General KAULBARS is only a marionette of diplomacy, a kind of political Punch dealing swishing blows which hurt nobody and threatening the most terrible things, which are nothing so little as terrific. He says, indeed, that he will go away, and there is no doubt that he would be heartily welcome to his passports. But, unless a very different general—a general with an army at his back—is to come in his place, his departure can do even less real harm to Bulgaria than his presence. Present, he is undoubtedly a nuisance, compromising public tranquillity, caballing with the enemies of the public peace, discrediting the administration, and behaving himself in a manner more or less—generally more—intolerable. Absent, he would simply be a relief unless horse, foot, and artillery are going to take his place. We now know that, unless

Austria completely changes her mind and Mr. GLADSTONE comes into power in England, horse, foot, and artillery are not to be allowed to take his place. And that is really all that is important to Bulgaria. Geographical peculiarities in part and political *bienséances* in other part prevent the Powers from protecting her from Russian rudeness; but she is assured that she will be protected from anything worse than rudeness, and that is what she has to look to. There is to be nothing behind General KAULBARS's devil-worshipper's antics; nothing seriously tragic to follow his farce. And this being so, all his conduct becomes merely antic and merely farce; not particularly amusing, no doubt, but at any rate nothing worse than annoying.

The chief interest, however, of the situation no doubt lies in the question, What will Russia do? and no good authority will undertake to answer that question offhand. In the case of a constitutionally-governed country, or of a country directed by a qualified statesman, there could be very little doubt about the matter. Such a country would hardly have got into Russia's position; but, having got into it, such a country would get out as soon as possible and as quietly as possible. But Russia is not such a country. Her destinies are almost entirely, if not entirely, under the control of an autocrat of capricious and impulsive character, of no known or proved political ability, and of, it is said, very limited information. Some extremely charitable persons have even commiserated the poor Czar for being so ill-served in the matter of this information—a commiseration which certainly seems more charitable than wise. In the days when sovereigns, like other people, were dependent on private intelligence for their knowledge of affairs, there might have been something in such a plea. A man, sovereign or subject, was then pretty much at the mercy of his informants, though he had in the former case the advantage of being able to cut off their heads if they told him lies. But nowadays any one with a fair command of languages (or even without this, if he can command the services of translators and readers) and with a moderate stock of mother-wit can supply himself with information more valuable than all the twenty-page reports of all the special envoys in the world. He will not take the newspapers for gospel, but he will take them with allowance for their known bias, and by so doing he will get, if not infallibly at the truth, yet so near it that he is in no danger of making serious blunders. In this particular instance the Czar has absolutely no one but himself to blame if he is ill informed about Bulgaria. An eminent lady who is good enough to enlighten Englishmen frequently as to their darkness is, indeed, certain that we know nothing about it; but that simply means that English knowledge takes a form very inconvenient to Mme. DE NOVIKOFF. And it is rather awkward that apologists of the same course of conduct should thus excuse it on the score of ignorance on opposite sides. The fact, of course, is that if the Czar is ignorant, it is, as has been said, his own fault, while it may be very roundly denied that Englishmen are ignorant at all—at least the Englishmen who take views adverse to Russia. It is not in the least necessary to have visited the Balkan Peninsula; it is not necessary even to be acquainted with the secret history of the Sophia kidnapping, in order to appreciate the whole Bulgarian business clearly and fully. Most of that business turns on general considerations of European policy, which might very well be better known to men who have never been out of Paris or London or Berlin than to men who have trotted all over the

globe. The rest of it is best apprehended by a wide and exact comparison of different views rather than by a special local investigation, the result of which is in nineteen cases out of twenty merely to confirm the earlier views of the investigator, or else to fill him helplessly and unconsciously with second-hand views taken from those with whom he associates. The honest advocates of Russia—if there are any—cannot too soon give up the theory that there is something esoteric and mysterious in Bulgarian affairs which none but an initiate in strange rites can comprehend. Those affairs are simply a part or phase of a great European question which has a history of centuries, and which interests almost all the nations of Europe equally. It cannot be settled by any one nation to its own advantage without the consent of the others, and the settlement must depend at least as much on general as on local considerations. It is because the Czar has forgotten this that he has got himself into trouble, and it is the very worst service that any one can do him to attempt to disguise the fact. For the more this is done the more certain will it become that the disguise has an object, and that that object is to amuse the legitimate anxiety of other Powers, and of Austria first of all, in order to cover ambitious designs.

COLSTON DAY.

THE Colston anniversary at Bristol in some degree resembles the oratorical competitions which were once customary in the United States. Rival candidates were then in the habit of travelling together through a State or district for the purpose of delivering controversial speeches on the same platform. At Bristol it is true that the audience is not the same, but readers are invited to compare the reported addresses and to judge of the adverse arguments of the contending parties. On the recent occasion the Conservatives had the advantage of being represented by a Minister of high official rank, who is also one of the members for Bristol. Lord HERSCHELL, the principal Liberal speaker, is a considerable person, but he has no special connexion with Bristol, and he addressed a divided party. Several of the guests at the Liberal banquet were professed Unionists, and more than one of them was returned at the last election in spite of the active opposition of Lord HERSCHELL's friends and colleagues. In the peculiar circumstances he had, it seems, been advised to make a social rather than a political speech; but it is not surprising that he profited by the opportunity of trying to minimize the irreconcilable differences between the Separatists and the supporters of the Union. From one part of his speech it might almost be suspected that he was prepared to reject the fundamental doctrines of his leader. As he truly said, whatever were the means by which the Union was carried, no wise statesman would desire to recur to the previous condition of affairs. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he nominally proposes to retain some fragment of the Union, has of late insisted chiefly on that which he calls the historical argument against the results of an arrangement which may have been tainted by corruption. His followers may be excused for trying to divert attention from one of the shallowest fallacies which ever deluded a fanciful theorist; but Home Rule, as a practical doctrine, means the opinion of its sole author, who surprised his colleagues, including his Lord Chancellor, as completely as he startled the rest of the world by his sudden conversion and his extemporized project.

Before he approached the difficult subject of the feud in the Liberal party Lord HERSCHELL devoted a large part of his speech to a disquisition on some of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's proceedings. He even condescended to dilate on the harmless freak of using during his German tour a travelling name. Mr. W. H. SMITH had, as Lord HERSCHELL gravely observed, not thought it necessary to take a similar precaution. It was perhaps more to the purpose to remind a Liberal assembly that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has not been uniformly consistent from the beginning of his Parliamentary career; but as reasons for the reunion of the Liberal party, or for active opposition to the present Government, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's half-forgotten paradoxes are not conclusive. Lord HERSCHELL's lengthened digression on the supposed eccentricities of a party leader who in mature years has become graver was equivalent to a confession that, either his matter was insufficient, or that his relations with the Liberal Unionists were less safe subjects for discussion. As the speeches of Lord EBRINGTON, of Mr.

PITT LEWIS, and of other Unionist Liberals are not reported, it is impossible to know whether any of them protested against the more serious part of Lord HERSCHELL's speech. He expatiated on the necessity of removing the hostility to England, which he declared to be more important than the outrages, which might be regarded as one of its symptoms. The device of giving vast additional powers of mischief to the hostile leaders of a disaffected community would scarcely have occurred to so judicious a politician as Lord HERSCHELL if he had not been misled by an excess of loyalty to his party and his chief.

The speech of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was expected with justifiable curiosity, and it has been received in Bristol and elsewhere with well-founded satisfaction. Perhaps his most important declaration had been anticipated by Lord SALISBURY in the assertion that the main want of Ireland is not novel legislation, but vigorous execution of the law. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH confirmed the statement, which has been repeatedly made, that the prospects of Ireland are somewhat less gloomy, and that the number of outrages has recently diminished. Probably guarding himself against unduly sanguine expectations, he at present hopes not to be compelled to apply to Parliament for additional powers. There is some appearance of a reaction among the Irish peasantry against the frightful tyranny which has been exercised, presumably against members of their class. As Sir M. HICKS-BEACH justly says, an opposition to the despotism of local tyrants would be a lesson or an instalment of true liberty, and a security for order more valuable than the effects of any Coercion Bill. There is no reason to suppose that the Government is unduly confident in the progress of an improvement which may perhaps be only casual and temporary. He gives due credit to those landlords who have shown consideration to their tenants; but he once more disclaimed any pretension of the Government to a dispensing power. It was unfortunate that the Parnellite organs were allowed for some time to invent and circulate without contradiction the false statement that Sir REDVERS BULLER would consider the merits of every separate case before he discharged his duty by affording protection to the officers of the law. It was an English journal which lately discovered in the timely generosity of the landlords a justification for the Bill which was introduced by Mr. PARNELL and supported by Mr. GLADSTONE. The writer observed that the only difference was, that the late reductions were voluntary, and that Mr. PARNELL's measure would have been compulsory. The distinction is that which exists between confiscation and the exercise of the rights of property.

It may be inferred from Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's remarks on local government in England and Ireland that the Government is not prepared for immediate legislation. It would be a grave mistake to confuse the peculiar difficulties of Ireland with the less complicated questions which are connected with local government in Great Britain. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's language confirms the expectation that the first business to be brought before the House of Commons will be the improvement of procedure. It appears that, while the Government is prepared to introduce vigorous measures, it has not forgot the possibility that the Conservative party may hereafter require protection against a hostile majority. There is no difference of opinion as to the necessity of providing securities against obstruction. The Report of Lord HARTINGTON's Committee may not improbably be the basis of the Ministerial proposals; but unfortunately the pessimists who doubt the efficacy of any new Standing Orders have not yet been confuted by experience. It has been justly remarked that rules made for an assembly of gentlemen become inoperative when they are used to repress irregularities committed by members who have no claim to that description. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH took care to state that, as far as he knew, the opinions on obstruction and procedure which he expressed were shared by all his colleagues. It was evident that he referred to the leader of the House of Commons, with whom he has hitherto acted in friendly concert. It appears that the plans of the Government were not settled in the beginning of November, and that even now they are not complete. They will be ready at the beginning of the Session.

It was probably of Irish legislation that Sir M. HICKS-BEACH was thinking when he announced that no plan of local government would be proposed in competition with Mr. GLADSTONE's. One reason for avoiding rivalry was, as he said, that Mr. GLADSTONE would certainly outbid any opponent. A more serious reference was made to the rumour which was deliberately circulated some time ago

that the Government was about to propose the establishment of four provincial Legislatures in Ireland. The report differed from many stories of the kind, inasmuch as it had no pretence of foundation in fact. It will be extremely difficult to confer on local bodies in Ireland any new powers which will not be abused; but provincial Parliaments would be almost as indefensible as Mr. GLADSTONE's single Assembly. As the details on procedure, though they are likely to be tedious, cannot occupy the whole Session, the Government probably intends to deal with the question of local organization in England. There will be no occasion for dispute as to the respective functions of Parliament and of municipal bodies. The existing City Corporations never come into collision with the National Legislature, and urban municipal government forms a sufficient model for rural Councils. It is true that there is no urgent necessity for a change; but it may be in some respects beneficial, and the present Ministers are pledged to a measure of the kind. The Irish Secretary and the late Lord Chancellor speaking at the same time could not answer one another; but both speakers dwelt on the points to which they respectively attached the greatest importance. It might have been conjectured beforehand that Sir M. HICKS-BEACH would be most immediately interested in the state of Ireland, and Lord HESCHELL in the recovery of a majority by the reunion of the two Liberal sections.

A POLICY OF SHUTTERS.

THE Social Democratic Federation is presumably satisfied with its final triumph of last Saturday. Its representative was fined ten shillings and its advocate snubbed by the police magistrate. At this trifling cost it secured an opportunity for a little more bounce, and Mr. HENRY M. HYNDMAN was able to do a little rebuking of the police in a safer place than he was like to have found Trafalgar Square on the 9th inst. Whether the punishment meted out to the S. D. F. in the person of JOHN WARD was adequate to the offence, and whether Mr. THOMPSON was not allowed to say too much about wholly irrelevant matters in the police-court even as it was, are questions capable of argument. There is, however, no need to discuss them, since Mr. VAUGHAN's decision was satisfactory in essentials. The S. D. F. has now obtained—and that is another of its triumphs—a distinct magisterial statement to the effect that no body of miscellaneous persons is entitled to decide for itself whether the police are acting legally or not. In future, therefore, it will know that when it chooses to defy the proclamations of the Chief Commissioner of Police, it is legally in the wrong. The public also will know it, and may perhaps feel less than ever inclined to sympathize with a body which is manifestly defying the law. There is one feature of these cases—for WARD's was only one of several—which deserves more attention than it seems to obtain. When fines are imposed on the official agitators of the S. D. F. they can always be paid. This body professes to represent, and to be composed of, the very poorest of the poor. None the less it can always find money to pay fines, and presumably to fee lawyers. Where does this money come from, and what is to be thought of an organization which does its share in the work of helping the poor by supporting stump orators and patronizing the Bar; to say nothing of occasionally conferring its custom on the Holborn Restaurant? There are probably few persons who take the S. D. F. very much in earnest, but it has a sham character as an advocate of the poor, which is allowed to pass with a kind of lazy acquiescence. The more completely this is exploded, the sooner the Club will be treated as what it is, a fussy and impudent disturbance.

Meanwhile, the S. D. F. is again to be allowed to worry all London, and impose a heavy day's work on the police. It is to hold a meeting next Sunday, of course in Trafalgar Square. Equally, of course, this demonstration is preceded by a great deal of trumpeting and of "blowing," in the American sense of the word. Cheap bluster at the head of the police and insolence to public men who cannot answer without discredit to themselves are the well-known "forms" of the Federation. All this buzzing and bouncing against panes of glass is despicable enough, no doubt; but it leads to trouble. It is absolutely certain that any crowd in Trafalgar Square is an obstruction; that a Social Democratic crowd has a particular attraction for roughs; that the riots of last February were as nearly as may be repeated on the 9th of

this month; and that both the actual and the possible rioting could be directly traced to the action of the S. D. F. All these propositions might be nailed up on any college door in Europe with the absolute certainty that no man could controvert them. It follows that another demonstration would be attended by the same circumstances. None the less, the community, disgusted and fretted and disturbed as it is, has to sit by helplessly, protecting itself in the meantime from the sovereign rough by new and improved iron shutters. It supposes it must needs put up with more of the same thing as long as it pleases any political Salvation Army to stand howling in a thoroughfare. If any man asks why, the answer he gets amounts to this. In 1867, and at more recent periods, it pleased certain political persons to collect mobs for their purposes. The mobs were allowed to have their own way, and now we cannot prevent any mob from enjoying the same privilege. Accordingly the Home Office seems to have made its mind up that the S. D. F. must needs be allowed to hold mass meetings and threaten riot once a week all the year through. If it can meet next Sunday, why not every Sunday? And whenever it meets the police, the Guards, and reserves of horse, foot, and artillery must be kept dancing attendance on it. The sooner this is stopped the better. There is no question in the whole matter of the freedom of speech, useful as that cant phrase is to every kind of agitator. The S. D. F. may start a newspaper—for the rest it has done so—or hire a hall, which would cost it no more than the support of skirmishing parties of stump orators, and may talk all the nonsense it pleases in its own columns or from its own platform. It can send deputations to Ministers on weekdays, for the Council, at least, is not so busy that it must needs choose a Sunday; and its members can vote at elections. There is absolutely no reason why it should come with a tail of roughs into the streets. That is to say, there is no reason why, if the S. D. F. is honestly anxious only to spread its own opinions and help its clients. Of course, if this body wishes to terrorize the public and to force itself into influence by cowering quiet people, then these demonstrations in Trafalgar Square have their reason for existing. In that case, however, the proposed victims of these tactics have a very good right to defend themselves. The difficulty in the way which deters the easy-going majority of to-day from taking strong measures is the inviolability of forbidding the meetings of the S. D. F. *and* S. D. F. In that case the obvious resource is to limit the right of holding mass meetings in the streets. Decent and law-abiding people ought to be ready enough to give up a practice indulged in by themselves rarely, and for legitimate purposes, when they find that it is being habitually used as a means of provoking disturbances by agitators and roughs.

HAIRDRESSING AND HISTORY.

WHERE will not the Historical Method, like Virtue, find a nest? M. MÉNARD has been lecturing to the Hairdressers' Guild on the History of Hairdressing, and he very properly urges that the method should be the Historical method. M. MÉNARD distinguished between the historic, allegoric, and generic styles of *coiffure*, or so the reporter declares. He appears to have neglected the prehistoric styles, which should really be the foundation of a truly scientific inquiry. How did primitive man and primitive woman "do" their hair? M. MÉNARD may depend on it that much turns on the answer. For example, he said that "the most important branch is the powdered coiffure," and it was, perhaps, with special reference to this branch that he made his celebrated three-fold division (or "parting" perhaps we should say) into historic, allegoric, and generic. Now what is powder but a survival of the custom of throwing dust upon the head, a custom familiar even to the backward races which are wholly unacquainted with combs? An excursus on combs, by the way, with special reference to their symbolical use in the Attic mysteries, and to their magical characteristics, in the traditions of Scotland, Japan, Finland, and the South Sea Islands, would be a valuable contribution to M. MÉNARD's general subject. We do not despair of seeing a lectureship on Historical Hairdressing founded in one of our Universities, and the lecturer, if he would escape censure, must keep a noble eye on combs, especially as treated by the person who makes his index. The harmonious quality of the comb, when accompanied by cap-paper, is an outlying but most attractive field of this new scholarship.

M. MÉNARD would greatly oblige scholars if, in publishing a full report of his lecture, he would add some remarks on "partings." What is the history of the parting, and what are its relations to virtue and moral science in general? Miss RHODA BROUGHTON, in her new novel, *Doctor Cupid*, introduces a good heroine, who *has* a parting, and a bad dissipated heroine, who *has not* a parting, only separable *toupets*. In this outward and visible sign of excellence M. MÉNARD will agree with us, we hope, in seeing a return to the golden age of primitive simplicity. For example, the untutored squaw in CATLIN's picture (*O-Kee-pa*, plate 1) has a common straight parting and a benevolent expression. Fringes and *toupets* are the production of a debased age which has sought out uncalled-for inventions. This unassuming young Mandan lady, with her straight parting, is a living rebuke to the vanity of the men of the tribe, whose hair is bristling with long erect feathers. The same modest, feminine parting, in contrast, again, with the masculine vanity of tall feathers, marks the Indians of Guiana, as depicted in Mr. BRETT's work on those tribes. Turning to civilized societies, what do we find? Why, the customs of the sexes are reversed! Among savages it is the woman who is *simplex munditia*, the man is all plumes and pomade. But, whether in modern Europe or in ancient Rome, it is woman who denies that partings are such sweet sorrow, woman who is puffed about with *toupets* and bedizened with feathers, while the hair of all men (except poets, painters, and musicians) is worn close-cropped. How does M. MÉNARD account for this inverse evolution? how does it bear on the whole moral history of the passions and the affections? On this topic, as also on the Renaissance habit of shaving ladies' foreheads so as to make them smooth and bald, with the analogous usages of the Red Indian and Scythian scalplock and the Chinese pigtail, M. MÉNARD appears to have said nothing; and yet how rich and resourceful are those subjects! M. MÉNARD seems to sigh for the times of the Regency or of LOUIS XVI., when the hair of woman only existed as so much material for plastic, not to say sticky and pasty, art. In that glorious period of history the hairdresser modelled the locks of woman to his will, erecting them, like a subtle architect, into fabrics of hairy towers, where the mortar was paste, and where powder shed its soft snowy influences on the landscape like moonlight on some fair city. But now have self-will and individualism broken even into the haunted region of the hairdresser. Once woman's locks lay all pliant to his hand, all were but the substance over which his creative fancy brooded. Now, alas! "ladies will sometimes refuse to be guided by the 'superior judgment of the hairdresser.'" The whole theme is too wide for mere passing comment, and the Hairdressers' Guild should really found that MÉNARD Lectureship at Oxford.

EGYPT.

THE return of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF and the conversation with MOUKHTAR PASHA, reported by the *Times* Correspondent, coming as they do after Lord SALISBURY's clear and definite statement of English policy in Egypt, have naturally excited a good deal of attention. For some time interest in Egyptian matters has turned chiefly on the financial and administrative details which were referred to last week; or, if it has been directed elsewhere, it has been to the attitude of the European Powers toward the English occupation. Different questions have now arisen; the chief being the relations of the Porte to Egypt, and, through Egypt, to England. It has long been known that these relations have formed the principal subject of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's mission, and it has been equally well known that the same relations have been the principal disturbing cause in the recent dealings between England and the SULTAN. There are those who have even gone so far as to maintain that Turkish indignation at English proceedings in Egypt has driven Turkey into the arms of Russia, while less positive spirits have considered it at least not impossible that the SULTAN, whether he be or be not really wounded by English conduct in the past, might not be indisposed to make profit in the future by trafficking in the two correlative commodities of Turkish assistance to Russia and Turkish influence in Egypt. Especially at the present moment, when Russian influences, lately very prominent at Constantinople, are said to be waning, and when new combinations in European policy appear imminent, it would be consistent with the traditional policy of Turkey,

which is astute rather than far-sighted, and opportunist rather than statesmanlike, to endeavour to use the levers which seem to present themselves to its hands.

These considerations made prudent students of politics almost certain that the reported demands of Turkey for a fixed period of English occupation were, if not altogether fictitious, yet mainly what schoolboys call a "try on." And in reading even the most trustworthy accounts of conversations with MOUKHTAR or any other Turkish official on the subject, it is also desirable (though indeed this is hardly necessary to mention) to remember that the speaker in this case, one of the ablest and most faithful servants of the Porte, is *ipso facto* regarding matters from a very limited and partial point of view. All statesmen (except Mr. GLADSTONE) look at the interests of their own country first; but in the better class of at least Western politicians there is a kind of sense of what is due to others, which qualifies and tempers the exclusive and egotistic side of their patriotism. The unfortunate Turk, even if he were inclined to such disinterestedness, knows too well that it will rarely be reciprocated. Less fortunate than his in some sort father ISHMAEL, he knows, indeed, that every man's hand is against him, but knows also that the time is past when he could have the consolation of having his hand against every man in an open and undisguised fashion. He receives no quarter and has to give quarter on all sides; there is abundant law for his enemies and none for him. Such a state of things begets almost of necessity a tendency to resort to all the usual subterfuges of the weak in their conflicts with the strong, to ask for more than is meant, to play a double game wherever it is possible, to take advantage of all opportunities when the weak man has something to give that the strong man wants or of the dissensions of two or more strong men among themselves. The fault of the Turk is thus not exactly "the fault of the Dutch," though it is like thereto. It is less a natural grasping tendency, an innate desire to give too little and ask too much, than a consciousness that as much as possible will be extorted from Turkey and as little as possible given to her. The hands of Western nations are not so clean in regard to the Ottoman Empire that they can afford to quarrel much with these shifts of a once great Power reduced from the policy of the tiger to the policy of the fox, if not of the hare.

The point of real importance, however, is what Turkey really wants, and what she is really prepared to take. It has been said that it is improbable in the highest degree that she should seriously expect England to retire from Egypt at her bidding, or should hope to recover that positive control of the province which MEHEMET ALI wrested from her. The former is a clear absurdity; the latter would be a reversal of the course of history, an upsetting of the whole practice and tendency of the last fifty years, which hardly the most impracticable "Turk of the old school," the most ignorant and regardless of the signs of the times, can hope to accomplish. But, short of these two things, a good deal may be done in Egypt which would be both gratifying to Turkish pride and in a way materially profitable to Turkey. This is especially the case in regard to military matters, to which MOUKHTAR is said to have devoted especial attention, and to which he would certainly have been wise to devote special attention. It can never be desirable to entrust to Turkish hands either the civil or the political direction of affairs in Egypt. To educate the Egyptians themselves out of their present corruption and incapacity in such matters, and to oust the swarms of greedy foreign place-hunters, who have been so long fattening on Egypt, must be one of the main objects of the English occupation, and can only be achieved by keeping the control of affairs meanwhile as much as possible in English hands. Nor would any restoration of the direct authority of the SULTAN be compatible with the English mission, while it would at the same time give a certain and for once a just handle to the interference of the other Western Powers. To save what he has got, not to recover what he has lost in this respect, must be the object, the sole object, of every intelligent head of the Turkish Empire. But in respect to the army affairs stand quite differently. We have hitherto tried two policies in Egyptian military matters. We have tried the plan of employing native forces more or less stiffened with Englishmen, and we have tried the plan of employing Englishmen alone. Neither can be said to have been wholly successful; the first went near to being a complete and disastrous failure, except where the stiffening was so considerable that it would have been simpler to let it stand by itself; and both were horribly costly in

English blood, if that conventional phrase may be employed to cover the losses (more distressing even than those of open fight) caused by climate and pestilence. The consequence is, as every one knows, that we have had to abandon large tracts of Egyptian territory—tracts which assuredly will have sooner or later to be re-occupied—that we have experienced ourselves not merely loss, but something very like disgrace, and that we have had the specially dissatisfying experience of employing and knowing that we employed means far too valuable for the purpose, and not specially well suited to it. In an army largely composed of Turkish soldiers, and (though not entirely given up to Turkish control) officered by Turks under an English staff, all the requirements of the situation seem to be met. The instrument is an undeniably good one; it is admirably suited for the purpose; it could be so adjusted as to make its working almost infallibly beneficial to all concerned. English soldiers would be spared a task for which they are too valuable, and Egyptian soldiers a task for which they are not valuable enough. Egypt would possess an efficient force, which would be restrained by English management from committing any of the excesses which Turkish forces are supposed to be in the habit of committing. The SULTAN would acquire, not merely a certain sense of increased interest and power in Egypt, but what is especially valuable to him—the means of keeping a certain part of his forces in good condition and fit for immediate service, at an expense not chargeable on his own impoverished treasury. No European Power would have any *locus standi* for objection. If some such arrangement as this could be come to, it would be a very good thing; and it will be a very great pity if fear of English Turcophobes prevents the English Government from accepting any reasonable proposal to the effect.

THE CHURCH HOUSE.

IT is not to be denied that, with all there is to annoy and disgust us in the world wherein our lot is cast, with all the traffickers in fads who beset our path, there are many things of which our grandfathers might with advantage have had experimental knowledge. We have been tempted to indulge in this strain of prosing by the efforts which are going on around us to discover something concrete and permanent which might serve as a congruous memorial of that national Jubilee which is already taking so large and important a position on the social horizon of 1887. There has already been a Royal Jubilee during this century, but the fiftieth anniversary of GEORGE's III.'s accession came and went, with nothing more to make itself remembered than an unsavoury exuberance of crackers and beer. Queen VICTORIA's Jubilee is to be commemorated in strong contrast to this wasted opportunity by something striving to be serious and useful. The problem on such occasions of jubilation by order is, generally speaking, to discover whether the survival of the fittest will have fair play. The competition of fads is always fierce to begin with, and it is even betting whether the instinct of fitness or the unreason of jealousy will carry the day. *L'abondance des richesses* in the present instance is a more than usually expressive phrase. We have to commemorate a Queen who is while a Queen at the same time an Empress—an ancient Empress, we mean, irrespective of the fire-new title invented by Lord BEAUFORT's ingenuity for Indian consumption. We have equally to commemorate the unparalleled personal deserts of one who has borne herself so nobly through the multiplied complications of her most trying position for so many years. The constitutional Sovereign has to be magnified upon her golden throne, and the Defender of the Faith to be honoured with all seemly obeisance. Roughly and readily these various ideas have shaped themselves in a double memorial—the secular memorial, in which the Empire is the prominent idea, and the religious one, which, with all respect for the Literation Society, could only take the concrete form of something in connexion with the Church of England. The Colonial Institute, on which we have no intention of speaking to-day, sufficiently represents the first demand. As to the religious memorial, little time was lost in floating a proposal due to the Bishop of CARLISLE, with the advantage of a short and intelligible title—namely, the Church House, or, in other words, a building which might serve as the legislative and administrative headquarters of the Church of England. This suggestion had much to recommend it. The utility of such

a central office for so august an institution was self-evident. The makeshifts which the want of a recognized home of ecclesiastical business involve were unworthy of such grave concerns; while architectural grandeur, provided only it were kept in due subordination, might fitly be provided to glorify the structure. Yet the idea was not allowed to permeate the popular judgment without provoking a fussy outburst of plausible wrongheadedness. It is a rough time, as we all know to our costs, for clergymen no less than for the laity; so the argument was nursed that the fitting Church memorial of the Jubilee would be some sort of subscription for the immediate wants of clergymen in difficulties; in other words, it was contended that the memorial, which upon all considerations of common sense ought to be monumental, durable, and visible, had best collapse into a joint-stock provision for wants which, however regrettable they might be, were confessedly temporary. A delicate tinge of good taste was reflected on the suggestion by the fact that those who were most clamorous for this appropriation of the fund were the very persons who might be supposed most likely to profit by it. Of course such a fund could only be set up on one of two principles—either it would have to be a capital sum, and then the interest could hardly fail to be insufficient, or else it would be a purse subscribed in order to be immediately spent, which would simply be "wasted" writ large. The project came in opportunely for some newspapers as an easy opportunity of indulging in a gush of cheap bunkum. We may, however, consider the suggestion happily exploded, and turn to the businesslike consideration of giving practical effect to the Church House. As we pointed out, the building is intended to be parliament house and public offices in one. Convocation is at last to sit in apartments which it does not owe to the charity of others. Other meetings—of not so authoritative a character, yet of confessed utility—will also know their habitat; a chapel will not be forgotten; and those nests of little rooms so dear to secretaries will cluster in snug abundance. All this should mean a stately building, but nothing which need be extravagant in outlay or colossal in bulk. Fancy, no doubt, may run riot on the amplifications which so unique a project offers to popular imagination; but till the contracts are signed building is a cheap amusement. In the first days of the Church House a hall which was to hold three thousand persons was a conspicuous feature; but it needed very little reflection to show how extravagant and how incongruous it would be to overweight the memorial with a purposeless rival to Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall. Into the question of making the Church House instrumental towards the fusion of the Convocations of Canterbury and York we need not enter; for the question is a very large one, and there will be ample opportunity for discussing it hereafter. The site of the future building will, we are certain, be one which will call for much careful thinking before a conclusion can be reached, for it will have to be faced in two aspects equally important and perhaps not absolutely compatible. It will be one thing to sort possible sites into good, bad, and indifferent, and another thing to find the site which may be big enough and yet not too big for the available money. It was understood in the first instance that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY had generously offered a lodgment within the grounds of Lambeth Palace. The sentimental considerations pleading for that position need not be dilated on; but there was a general feeling that while Lambeth was undoubtedly Lambeth it stood all the same on the wrong side of the river, besides which the most attractive spots within the grounds of Lambeth could not be procured. It may, we believe, be now taken for granted that the Lambeth site has notably fallen in favour, and that the choice of the responsible Committee leans towards the Middlesex bank of the Thames, where sites so advantageous in various respects as Dean's Yard, Westminster, or the Thames Embankment will find their respective advocates. So, too, will Staples Inn, to judge by letters in the newspapers, although the pictur-esque of that menaced edifice must in the judgment of practical sense be held incompatible with the want summed up in the idea of a Church House. The days are, of course, far too early for any definite conclusion. There is only one point on which we dare to pronounce a decided judgment; this is, that having embarked upon the Church House, the Church of England is bound in honour and in policy to carry it out.

GREAT JUDGE AND LITTLE JUDGE.

IF the MASTER of the ROLLS desired that his strange performance at the LORD MAYOR's banquet should make what is vulgarly called a "splash," he has certainly succeeded in his object. We have already commented on Lord ESHER's graceful and pointed reference to the other members of the Supreme Court of Judicature who sat beside him. In these, however, he might have indulged with impunity. "But when he dared to touch a vulgar head, uprose the 'people, and the tyrant bled.'" The County Court Judges, of whom we must beg pardon for a seeming comparison which we can assure them is not meant to be serious, have risen up in arms against the supposed contemner of their functions and dignity. The County Court Judges are among the most useful, the most industrious, and the most indispensable servants of the public. The best of them are as good as any judge of the High Court, if not better, though, for some reason not perhaps unconnected with the claims of Parliamentary and political patronage, they are never invited to come up higher. Mr. PITTS-TAYLOR, who has unfortunately retired from the position which he adorned by his great learning and ability, once described himself, in criticizing a ruling of Chief Justice COCKBURN's on the law of evidence, as "the least of all the Judges, that am not 'meet to be called a Judge.'" Mr. PITTS-TAYLOR could not say that now, for an Order in Council has expressly conferred the title which he thus modestly disclaimed. The County Court Judges should therefore hold up their heads, and not mind what anybody says, especially after dinner. They should cultivate a sense of humour, even of Lord ESHER's humour, if the two things are not incompatible. They should adopt that "wise indifference of the wise" which philosophers inculcate, but do not practise. A cynic once observed that the best thing a man could do who thought he had been misrepresented was to go and misrepresent somebody else. "Considerations of religion and 'morality apart,'" the advice was not unsound. If a County Court Judge does not administer "the law of local 'option and of his conscience," whatever that may be, but the law of England, the assertion of the MASTER of the ROLLS will not alter the truth. The mischievous superstition of judicial infallibility in matters extra-judicial has lost its hold upon the public mind. "Even if a Chief 'Justice said so," exclaimed Sir GEORGE JESSEL once, with that robust common sense which distinguished him, "even 'if a Chief Justice said so, that doesn't make it law." And certainly, if what a Chief Justice says is not always law, what a Master of the Rolls says is not always fact.

Perhaps, after all, the MASTER of the ROLLS did not mean the County Court Judges. We do not profess to think it of much consequence whether he did or not. But Mr. DARLING's letter in Thursday's *Times* may perhaps carry consolation to the lacerated minds of Judge STONOR and Judge SNAGGE. Mr. DARLING, it is true, hits out all round. "I did not admire the speech of the MASTER of the ROLLS 'at the Guildhall,'" he says, and after that Lord ESHER must feel very small indeed. Judge SNAGGE and Judge STONOR he describes as "galled jades," which is Shakespearean, but not polite. According to Mr. DARLING, who is known to have bestowed some pains upon the study of judicial style, the MASTER of the ROLLS was only taking a shot at Sir WILFRID LAWSON, perhaps the "Sir W. THAT" on whose identity we expressed doubts last week. When Lord BROUGHAM described Lord MELBOURNE's Government as consisting of "Lord JOHN THIS and Mr. SPRING THAT," his references were intelligible as well as amusing. "Sir 'W. THIS and Sir W. THAT" leaves something to be desired in both respects. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, however, is not a lawyer, and we presume that Lord ESHER is too good a Conservative to sneer at the unpaid justices of the peace. Judge PATERSON, dissenting from his colleagues, believes that the MASTER of the ROLLS referred "to some plan contemplated by legal reformers of fixing Judges of the High 'Court in certain localities"; a plan which seems as vague in itself as any possible reference to it could be. If it were worth while, we might ask why, if the County Court Judges do not commit the mysterious crime imputed to them by Lord ESHER, it should be impossible for other judicial fixtures to "administer the law of 'England." There is much sense in the substance of Judge PATERSON's final remark, whatever may be thought of its style. "I cannot," he says, "but think that it is 'a mistake to examine an after-dinner speech through 'sceptical glasses." What "sceptical glasses" may be, or

what scepticism has to do with the subject, except as suggesting a doubt whether Lord ESHER meant anything at all, we do not profess to know. But the facetious gibes of a judicial humourist, as judicial humour goes nowadays, hardly excuse Judge STONOR for informing the public at great length how often his decisions have been affirmed on appeal; or for assuring the world that one of them, which had been reversed by the Divisional Court, would have been restored by the Lords Justices if it had been carried further. Judge STONOR's judicial record, as compiled by himself, is no doubt highly satisfactory, and the feelings of a County Court Judge when his decision, after two reversals, is finally upheld by the House of Lords are no doubt of even a more thrilling nature than those of SAM WELLER's Lord Mayor "when the Secretary of State proposed his missus's health after dinner." "Well, if this don't beat cock-fighting, nothing never will," said his Lordship, and so, no doubt, said his Honour. But he need not have written to the *Times*.

THE REVIVAL OF THE RING.

THE attempts that have been made of late to resuscitate the ancient but dishonoured pastime of prize-fighting are not, we take it, to be considered seriously. To set the pugilist on his legs again, and give him such a social status as he enjoyed even twenty years ago, there would be needed an entirely new development of public opinion; and that irresistible influence sets just now the other way. Even the rumour that Britain was bent upon sending forth a champion to meet and beat the redoubtable JOHN L. SULLIVAN (Columbia's pride, the day-star of Young America) excited but a languid interest; and such cases of practical ruffianism as are reported from time to time are purely sporadic, and do not in any way portend the outbreak of an epidemic. It is only natural that they should occur. For one thing, prize-fighting is illegal; and there will always be a certain number of persons who look upon law-breaking as an amusement. Again, prize-fighting is brutality in action; and there will always be a certain number of persons to whom the spectacle of a couple of men engaged in beating each other to pieces, to a running accompaniment of bets and blasphemy, is edification and refreshment. Lastly—and here, as we think, is the secret of the late half-hearted attempts at disentombing the sport—it is a fact that the professional betting man is now an active and an influential member of society; that he must live, somehow or other; and that, if he can turn a dishonest pound by getting up a little mill, and backing one of the principals therein, and "squaring" the other, he will certainly do all three. When, therefore, it is reported that the police have stopped a fight, in a West End cellar or a quiet suburban meadow, it must not be understood that there has been a new departure in public morality, and that the tide is turning in favour of a fine old British institution now happily deceased; but only that the bookmaker has been at work, and this time without profiting by his exertions.

There are many who believe that a Renaissance of Pugilism would be nothing less than a national misfortune. The belief is perhaps excessive, but it might be supported with good argument. The institution of the Ring died, it has been said, of its own blackguardism. It flourished long, and was illustrated by the practice of many great and valiant artists; but in its best and fairest days it was never above suspicion, and in the end it succumbed to a plethora of vicious qualities. The illustrious JEM WARD, brilliant as was his achievement and unrivalled as was his capacity, had no moral character to speak of, and his readiness to accept defeat for a consideration was worthy of the worst days of the decadence. It was said—though also denied—that even TOM SPRING, the renowned, the accomplished, the irresistible—the hero of BORROW's best and heartiest rhapsody—was not more taintless than the riff-raff of the Fives Court; that his great battle with NEATE, the Bristol Butcher, was "fought 'on a cross." And if this was true of the men of the heroic age, it was true an hundredfold of their descendants. There is no doubt that the lamented SAYERS was an ornament alike to his profession and the human race; but it is shrewdly suspected that the historic fight at Farnborough was traversed by unholy and unsportsmanlike influences, and that, though he did his best and knew nothing, his supporters were not all so clean-handed as himself. As for HEENAN, who represented on that great occasion the valour and ambition of the New World, the poor fellow's whole

career remains a monument of unfair dealing. It is notorious, we believe, that he was "bustled" out of victory after victory; it has been written that he never recovered the effects of the drug administered to him by careful partisans during the course of his last encounter. His ill-fortune will always remain a scandal and a reproach; indeed, the annals of the Ring, smirched and unclean as they are, contain no darker nor more disgraceful page. It is, one likes to believe, by no means impossible that it was not without a certain effect on the destiny of the Ring. That noble institution was in a bad way at the time, and it collapsed soon after. That it had not always been, that even then it was not, wholly villainous and base may be readily conceded. It was patronized in its day by many good men; and, as the Englishman is much more addicted to the use of the knife than it is the fashion to assume, its influence may not have been wholly lacking in virtuous tendencies. But it commended itself too instantly and directly to the black-guardism of the country; it had got to be thoroughly discredited; it was fallen to be only a pretext for foul wagers, a provocation of "plants" and "crosses," a stimulus to ruffianism and dishonesty. Its abolition was a benefit to the community at large; its revival, on however small a scale, is undesirable enough to be practically impossible.

That the betting man is an unscrupulous and daring creature is matter of history. This was proved, if new proof were wanting, by the scandalous parody of a mill which took place between SMITH and GREENFIELD, on French soil, and resulted, as everybody knows, in the degradation of the institution to a point of baseness hardly reached in its worst and roughest days. It is not to be doubted that a certain number of people do honestly desire to witness a resurrection of the sport, and to see the "pug" restored to the pinnacle from which he has been hurled for ever. If these good folks would only reflect that the consummation of their desire would simply mean an endless series of repetitions of the SMITH-GREENFIELD scandal, the chances are that they would be content to let well alone, and leave the ropes and stakes in their dishonoured grave. In any case their conversion to intelligence is a matter of no moment; the sense of the nation is against them, and, save as a bookmaker's adventure, the institution of the Ring is dead as JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETING.

CONFUSED notions appear to be held in some quarters about the right of public meeting in England. Language is used which seems to assume that some such right exists not only in the sense that three or four, or five hundred, or five thousand persons do not commit an offence by the mere act of coming together for a lawful purpose without any special authority, but in the sense of being paramount to the ordinary convenience of the public. This is not so. Lest we should be thought to be stating a doubtful proposition, or colouring our statement for a special purpose, we shall cite a competent and impartial witness, Mr. A. V. DICEY's book on the Law of the Constitution. What the right of public meeting is and what it is not may be found clearly set forth in about half a dozen pages of that book, from which we now quote a few sentences:— "The right of assembling," says Mr. DICEY, "is nothing more than a result of the view taken by the Courts as to individual liberty of person and individual liberty of speech. There is no special law allowing A, B, and C to meet together either in the open air or elsewhere for a lawful purpose, but the right of A to go where he pleases so that he does not commit a trespass, and to say what he likes to B so that his talk is not libellous or seditious, the right of B to do the like with regard to A, and the existence of the same rights of C, D, E, and F, and so on *ad infinitum*, leads to the consequence that A, B, C, and D, and a thousand or ten thousand other persons, may (as a general rule) meet together in any place where otherwise they each have a right to be for a lawful purpose and in a lawful manner." The right of the assembly is not a new or special right distinct from the rights of the individual citizens composing it. With certain qualifications which we shall mention, it is not less than the sum of those rights; but in any case it is not more. Let us apply this principle to the supposed right of holding meetings in the public places of London or any other large town. The place where it is proposed to hold a meeting may be dedicated to public use by the gift of the owner or under the authority of an

Act of Parliament, and subject to express conditions and regulations. Hyde Park, since it has been put under statutory regulations, is an example of this kind of public place. All persons using such a place must conform to the regulations, and not the less so when they happen to be a large number of persons acting in concert, and alleging an object of public interest for their proceedings. Questions may arise as to the true meaning of the regulations as applicable in a particular case; if so, they must be decided like any other legal question arising on the interpretation of statutes or by-laws. On the other hand, the place may simply be part of a thoroughfare. Such is the case, we believe, with Trafalgar Square. If there be any private or local Act of Parliament specially affecting Trafalgar Square (as to which we know nothing), it is not likely to enlarge the right of holding meetings there. This case must be separately considered.

What is the right of the public on a highway? It is, in the first place, to pass and repass on one's lawful business, according to the nature of the way; that is, to walk but not to ride on a footpath, to walk and ride but not to drive on a bridle-path, and so following. It is also to do all things reasonably incident to the ordinary course of passing and repassing and consistent with the like liberty of other persons. Any other use of the way is, in legal strictness, a trespass. Many legal trespasses are tolerated, as being trifling, or harmless, or even on the whole convenient; but they are not therefore justified, or to be drawn into examples for other things which are manifestly not convenient. Football is a lawful pastime, and Piccadilly is a public place, but we do not cry out that we are deprived of our public rights because we may not play football in Piccadilly. Two or three friends who happen to meet in Cheapside may stand talking on the pavement for a short time, but they may not stand still for an unreasonably long time so as to be in the way of others. And they will not acquire any better right by talking loudly and continuously so as to collect a crowd, or by announcing beforehand, in set terms, their intention so to do. What is unlawful if done by a few does not become lawful merely because it is done by many. What is lawful when done by a few is often, but not always, lawful when done by many. A and B have a right to walk arm-in-arm in the street—that is, they do no wrong thereby. Whether A, B, C, D, E, and F are within their right in walking in a line arm-in-arm, or are guilty of a nuisance, depends on circumstances. A may perhaps make himself a mere trespasser, and will probably be guilty of a nuisance, if he parades a street at unseasonable hours blowing a horn or beating a drum. He will give himself no better right by taking unto himself B, C, D, and so on to Z, putting on a fancy dress, carrying a banner, and professing as his purpose the reform of the common weal or the salvation of souls. Practically the traffic of populous towns is regulated, and public order and convenience more or less effectually provided for, by the exercise of discretionary powers conferred on local authorities (for example, the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police) by general or special Acts of Parliament. Directions given by those authorities acting within their powers must be observed by the persons concerned, be they few or many, acting for private or for alleged public purposes. Various interruptions of ordinary traffic are justified by custom or special authority, such as the marching of troops, or may be allowed by executive discretion. But this is no excuse to private persons for creating other interruptions of the same or a like sort without authority or allowance.

A public meeting in a London thoroughfare is not an exercise of the common right of passing and repassing, and is, on the face of it, likely to cause more or less obstruction to the ordinary use of the place where it is held and of the approaches thereto. Consequently it seems that there is no right in the matter at all, and that such a meeting can be held only on sufferance, even if it is for a wholly lawful purpose and conducted in a wholly lawful and peaceable manner. Whether it be wise to suffer it is a question of convenience in each case. Thus far we have assumed the assembly to be lawful. But it may become unlawful even if its original purpose is lawful. If it is so conducted—to quote this time an older writer than Mr. DICEY—as to "breed some apparent disturbance of the peace . . . so that either the peaceable sort of men be unquieted and feared by the fact, or the lighter sort and busibodies be imboldened by the example," the assembly will be unlawful, and every one concerned in it will be exposed to penalties. Even eminently lawful purposes, such as that of

going to church or to attend sessions or a customary fair, will not excuse meeting or going about with a show of force "to the terror of the people." In short, a meeting of private citizens for a lawful purpose does not in itself require any special authority, but it is not privileged. People who hold a meeting are bound at their peril to observe the general law of public order, just as those who speak at the meeting are bound at their peril to keep within the limits of fair discussion and comment. Again, there is no general executive authority, as Mr. DICEY explains, to prohibit a public meeting as such; but the local authority responsible for the general ordering of traffic is not bound to allow the QUEEN's highway to be used for meetings, or public buildings and monuments to be used as platforms; and it may on occasion be a very fit and reasonable course, even apart from any specially appropriate statutory powers, to give notice that such use, or rather abuse, will not be allowed. The officers of the law may or may not think fit to acquiesce in the growth of a sort of spurious custom to hold meetings in places purposely chosen as inconvenient to peaceable citizens, and peaceable citizens may or may not approve of such acquiescence. But there is no reason in the law why its ministers should acquiesce, or why the citizens for whose benefit laws exist should approve.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ONE of the remarks which have been most commonly made on Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's graceful farewell speech to the Westminster Teachers is amusingly characteristic of a modern habit of thought which no one has more pleasantly satirized than Mr. ARNOLD himself. General disappointment was expressed at the discovery that the distinguished Inspector had no more valuable legacy of practical advice to leave behind him than an exhortation to his hearers to insist on the appointment of a genuine Minister of Education. As regards the value of the particular bequest, we confess to being at one with Mr. ARNOLD's critics. Our own humble opinion is that the Education Department is well enough under the present system; that the Vice-President of the Committee of Council serves all the essential purposes of an Education Minister so far as Parliamentary responsibility goes; and that it is not desirable, at any rate in the present condition of the House of Commons, to multiply appointments which would be sure to be regarded as offering a new challenge and pointing out a fresh field of operations to the Parliamentary prig and bore. But what amuses us is the assumption, so instructive on the part of the "practical man," that there is always some valuable practical suggestion or other to be made on every subject in the world. Something always requires to be *done* to everything; and, unless a practical people are to be disappointed, it should be something which nobody else has suggested before. The notion of any authoritative counsellor saying to his countrymen, "You have here or here an excellent institution. I can suggest no improvement in the mechanical details of its administration, and can only exhort you to display the virtues of industry, patience, and common sense in administering it," is hardly endurable to them. They would exclaim indignantly against being put off with a platitude of that sort, and would be less contemptuous of the wildest folly that could be put before them, so long as it was only a proposal to do something.

There is, however, a certain humorous Nemesis in the fact that this should be the particular criticism to follow Mr. ARNOLD into his well-earned retirement. For the world is disposed to think that, in spite of Mr. ARNOLD's eloquent insistence on the value of ideas, it is precisely in this snare of the practical that his own feet have been entangled. What was it but the ambition to figure as a practical politician which ever inspired Mr. ARNOLD's direct contributions to current political controversies at all? What else was it which made him unable to keep his hands off the Irish question, and drew from him that famous proposal for settling it by three Commissioners—to wit, if we remember rightly, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, the late Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, and Lord COLERIDGE, the first appointment being expressly designed, as the projector himself assured us, to win the confidence of contending religious sects in Ireland, and the other two for reasons which we cannot recall at the moment, but which we quite recollect to have been equally apt? Indeed, the

plain, if unwelcome, fact is, that nearly every one of Mr. ARNOLD's writings which his sensible admirers would most willingly part with have owed their inspiration to that very passion for the practical of which no one sees the ridiculous and, in truth, the *unpractical* aspect—if doing the wrong thing is more unpractical than doing nothing—with greater clearness than himself. Is it impertinent to express a hope that during the, we trust, many years of unofficial life which lie before him Mr. ARNOLD will ever keep before him the true moral of the criticism on which we have been commenting? It is he himself, he should remorsefully own, who has taught the practical man to expect from him practical counsels on every, or at least on any important, occasion. Let him record a vow so to bear himself henceforth that no one shall have an excuse for entertaining any such expectation in future. We are forbidden, it is understood, to look for any more poetry from him; but for criticism on poetry, on letters, and art in general, and in much greater abundance than for many years past, we may now surely be permitted to hope. Much excellent and stimulating work on these subjects is yet to be had from him, we feel sure, if only he will finally forswear the ambition to settle the Irish question and to recast the Christian religion. We earnestly counsel him to spare no effort to divert his mind, if need be finally, from meditation on these projects. A prize might with advantage be offered to any one who could suggest the "best hundred books for Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD." We have not got our own list ready, but we have one or two books in our mind which we should probably, and others which we should certainly, exclude from it. We have our doubts whether we should allow Mr. ARNOLD to read the Vulgate—except, perhaps, for a few minutes daily as a religious exercise. But of the fate of two books, if we had the disposal of it, we can speak with certainty. We should lock up his Bishop WILSON and his BURKE.

LONDON GOVERNMENT.

A CONFERENCE in its ordinary sense is a meeting of two or more persons or public bodies for purposes of discussion or negotiation. The two Houses of Parliament, though the practice is becoming obsolete, may still on occasion meet in Conference. Among diplomats the description applies to a less formal or authoritative kind of Congress. Meetings of a party for the adoption or promotion of certain political measures have but lately taken the name of Conferences. Assemblies of Radical delegates at Leeds and elsewhere are apparently called Conferences with the object of implying that the decisions of a unanimous body of delegates are the result of deliberation. Of course the real design of the managers is to hold a muster of forces. The character of a Conference on the Government of London under the presidency of one of the most thoroughgoing of partisans will not be misunderstood. The Parliamentary elections since the creation of the present London boroughs have naturally surprised and disappointed the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE. They cannot be blamed for seeking directly and indirectly to retrieve their losses. One of their schemes consists in a further reduction of the franchise under pretence of improving the system of registration. The revival of the agitation for municipal changes in the metropolis is another contrivance for the future reversal of the verdict of the Parliamentary constituencies. It is, indeed, possible that an overgrown Corporation might use its resources in aid of the Conservative party; but Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE and his associates may be willing to take the risk of strengthening their adversaries in the hope of a political advantage to themselves. In conferring new powers on an unwieldy multitude democratic agitators can, for their own purposes, scarcely go wrong.

In one respect the advocates of a Municipal Corporation for London may fairly take credit for consistency. As they are all adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE, and therefore supporters of Irish Home Rule, they may boast that they apply the same principle to the government of London. In round numbers the population of the metropolis is nearly equal to that of Ireland; and it considerably outnumbers both Scotland and Wales. Representatives of so vast a community elected by household suffrage would be constantly tempted to encroach on the sovereignty of Parliament; and, if the central government had been weakened by the division of the kingdom into partially independent provinces, a metropolitan municipality might probably assert its claim to the possession of

the same privileges. The objection was raised when Sir W. HAROURT undertook to introduce a London Corporation Bill two or three years ago; but the establishment of a subordinate Legislature was at that time so novel and unprecedented that the warning was probably often disregarded as a paradox. Since that time a large party, including the proposer of the Municipal Bill, has been suddenly converted to the project of a Heptarchy, or perhaps a Tetrarchy. A City Council would be a less absurd institution than a Welsh Parliament; and it would have better opportunities of applying pressure to the mutilated body which would still nominally represent Imperial supremacy. Projectors who still retain any regard for order and liberty may study with advantage the constantly increasing pretensions of the Municipality of Paris. The Republican Legislature has hitherto refused to allow the City Council either the control of the police or the right of electing a chief magistrate. Sir W. HAROURT seemed to treat the disposal of the police force as an open question; and it was understood that an elected Lord Mayor should succeed to the titles of his ornamental predecessor.

The peaceable potentate who has in modern times reigned at the Mansion House has associated the mayoralty with traditions of civic splendour and of an unambitious exercise of benevolent or hospitable functions. It is scarcely remembered that WILKES was Lord Mayor of London, and that O'CONNELL was Lord Mayor of Dublin. It is possible that some demagogue might obtain the office by popular suffrage, and that he might substitute political activity for ceremonial observances. The command of a large and disciplined body of police raises more serious issues. The political party which alone supports the establishment of a central Municipality has frequently called attention to the precedent which is furnished by the law and practice of other urban communities. Municipal Corporations throughout the kingdom appoint and pay the police; and the chief constables and other officers are subject to the authority of Police Committees representing the Corporations. The same rule, if it was followed in London, might have dangerous results. The Metropolitan and City Police are charged not only, like the provincial police, with the defence of property and the maintenance of order, but with the protection of Parliament, of the Royal palaces, and of the public establishments. The national Government, through the Home Office, properly exercises the right of directing the employment of a force which might be the only security against seditious outbreaks or revolution. None of the provisions of MR. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Bill excited more general alarm than the proposed transfer of the control of the Irish Constabulary from the Crown to the local Parliament. The mere notion that such a policy was contemplated at once impaired the just confidence which had been felt in the loyalty and discipline of the force. The main duty of the Irish police consists in vindicating the law which the Nationalists constantly desire to subvert. Their efforts might possibly become less zealous when they foresaw that the disturbers of order might become their own superiors and paymasters. There is happily at present no general disaffection in London; but it is not forgotten that the metropolis contains a mass of turbulence which might for a time ally itself with dangerous political movements. In any municipal constitution which may be established the Government ought never to part with the command of the police.

The delay which has occurred in the production of measures such as that of Sir WILLIAM HAROURT has not increased the enthusiasm, which indeed was always factitious, for a central Municipality. None of the local governing bodies, no definite class of citizens, has at any time approved of the more ambitious municipal schemes. The chief promoters of the measure were, with two or three exceptions, persons of little influence; and their adherents were almost exclusively recruited among the Radical Clubs. The delegations from parochial Caucuses which attended the meetings of the principal Association unintentionally strengthened one of the main arguments which had been used against the creation of a London Corporation. It appeared that such an institution would be administered with regard to political faction rather than to administrative efficiency. The Caucuses would be little disposed to concern themselves with the comparatively modest duties of attending to drainage, to paving, or to water supply. In the meantime the abuses of Local Government in London, though they may exist, are not excessive or intolerable. Even sentimental commentators on urban life in ancient and

modern times admit that, in the largest of capitals, life and health are better cared for than in any other great city in present or former times. It is undeniably true that there are great inconveniences in the aggregation of enormous numbers in a limited space. Suburban residents, as the same speaker observes, have no experience of the country, and at the same time they have no share in the social or municipal unity which ought in theory to belong to a town. There are no means of correcting an unavoidable defect. Nor is there reason to believe that the expansion of London has yet reached or approached its limits. Industry and trade tend to become localized in central spots, which consequently become too dear and too much crowded to be suitable for residence. The suburbs consist largely of dwellings inhabited by those who pursue their avocations in the heart of the metropolis.

The parish Vestries which, with the Metropolitan Board of Works, manage the local affairs of London outside of the City, have many defects. Their worst fault is a tendency to jobbery, especially when builders and persons of similar occupations obtain seats at the various Boards with a view to the promotion of their private interests. It is possible that representative bodies would be more conscientious and more fully exposed to a wholesome publicity if they had wider areas of operation and more extended powers. It is not improbable that a proposal which was received with a certain degree of favour several years ago may be revived. London would, according to the scheme, be divided into several municipal boroughs, each containing a manageable population. There are many examples of divided municipal government where adjacent towns have by their natural growth become conterminous and almost indistinguishable. Manchester and Salford, Liverpool and Birkenhead, are respectively separated in municipal constitution. In London itself, the City is bounded on one side by various so-called boroughs and on another side by the city of Westminster; and few of those who daily pass the frontier know where it is situate. It is not necessary to consider for the present the principle of a subdivision which must in any case be arbitrary. A central authority would be required for common purposes, and there is no reason why the Metropolitan Board of Works should not be maintained and re-organized. The Board of Works, the Corporation, and the Vestries have all the great merit of habitual avoidance of political bias.

A HARD CASE.

FEW decisions recently pronounced in the High Court of Justice have approached more nearly to giving universal satisfaction than the judgment given by MR. JUSTICE BUTT in the case of SCOTT, otherwise SEBRIGHT, v. SEBRIGHT. Miss SCOTT, having gone through what purported to be a ceremony of marriage with MR. SEBRIGHT, sought to have it decreed null and void, and succeeded. Miss SCOTT was pleased; the public was pleased; MR. SEBRIGHT, since he did all in his power to assist the petitioner, must be presumed not to have been displeased; and it is probable that MR. JUSTICE BUTT was sufficiently well pleased with himself.

That it was a hard case no one can deny; and, if it did not produce the result proverbially attributed to cases of that description, its failure to do so is only another reason for general self-congratulation. The facts, put very shortly, amount to this. MR. SEBRIGHT, on the strength of a juvenile engagement which appears to have existed at one time between the parties, induced Miss SCOTT to back his bills for no less an amount than 3,325*l.*, and made use of his success to bully her into going through an invalid ceremonial of marriage before the registrar in January of the present year. It is to be remarked that the case presented to the Court by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on behalf of the petitioner was not quite the same as that upon which the learned Judge pronounced his decision. The ground for a decree of nullity principally relied upon by Sir RICHARD WEBSTER was that the lady's consent was obtained by fraudulent threats—the threats being that, if she did not consent to the marriage, terrible, but unknown, evils would overwhelm her in respect of the bills she had been induced to sign. The ground of the judgment was that the persecutions of SEBRIGHT and the participants, whether conscious or otherwise, in his iniquitous scheme, had so much unsettled Miss SCOTT's mind that she was not, in

fact, a consenting party at all to the ceremony of marriage. There is a good deal of difference between the two. It is one thing to consent to do a thing because you have been threatened and imposed upon. It is another to do a thing without having really consented to it. The former state of affairs was what the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's opening seemed to suggest, the latter was the explanation upon which the Judge based his decree of nullity. Mr. Justice BUTT undoubtedly made use of an expression touching the law of the case which must not be too strictly construed. It is true that "the courts of law have always refused to recognize "as binding contracts to which the consent of either party "has been obtained by fraud or duress"; but it is not wholly correct to say that in this respect "the validity of a contract "of marriage must be tested and determined in precisely "the same manner as that of any other contract." In respect of marriage, mere deceit will not do. No one has ever ventured to suggest that the marriage of PAULINE with CLAUDE MELNOTTE would not have been valid by English law. Yet if it had been a contract for the sale of goods, it might have been avoided on the ground that it was obtained by fraudulent misrepresentation. It was necessary in Miss SCOTT's case that Mr. Justice BUTT should find as a fact, and he did find as a fact, that Miss SCOTT's mind was so much enfeebled by the cruel treatment she had undergone, that she was at the time of the pretended marriage incapable of making a rational determination whether she was or was not desirous of marrying Mr. SEBRIGHT. As this question of fact was one for Mr. Justice BUTT only, and as decisions of fact have no authority as precedents, it may safely be admitted that his decision of it came as a glad surprise to many people who had paid attention to the case. Every one must agree that Miss SCOTT's letters were as earnest and affecting as possible, but it might plausibly have been argued, if it had been any one's duty to expound that view of the case, that they were consistent with her not merely knowing what she was doing, but having a particularly lively perception of what an undesirable thing it was to do.

The construction generally, and naturally, placed upon the hint conveyed in Sir RICHARD WEBSTER's final address of a distinction between religious and civil marriages makes it desirable to say a word on that subject. It must not be supposed for an instant that any less legal importance can be attached to a marriage before the registrar than to a marriage conducted in the ordinary way. It has been thought right to make it possible to marry legally without any religious rite. Whether right or not, it has been done. To cast any doubt now upon the completely binding and effective nature of marriage before the registrar is to diminish the stability of marriage itself, viewed in its legal aspect and quite apart from religious considerations. Nothing which even tends in this direction can be tolerated for a moment. The possible consequences of a doctrine that the law recognizes two kinds of marriage, which are equally valid until you change your mind, and one of which is then easier to escape from than the other, are equally obvious and undesirable, though the superior publicity of the one kind is, of course, quite as obvious.

ENGLAND'S CASE AGAINST HOME RULE.

A STATEMENT of the case against Home Rule from the pen of an able constitutional lawyer is much more of a novelty than, from the duration of the controversy, might be hastily supposed. Practical considerations have always a tendency to get the upper hand in English political disputes, and in this particular instance they from various causes assumed exceptional prominence. Mr. GLADSTONE had his own reasons for keeping as clear as he could of the constitutional issues at stake in his Separation Bill; and his followers—with the solitary exception of Mr. BRYCE, who made the only, and a very able, attempt to grapple with the legal criticisms on the measure—were content to follow their leader's example. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, once fondly believed among that class of persons who are the makers of undeserved reputations to be a high authority on this subject, was eloquently silent; and, creditable as was Mr. BRYCE's argument for Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme from the constitutional point of view, we cannot pretend to think that it survived the crushing rejoinder which it received from Mr. FINLAY. Outside Parliament, of course, the discussion had to be confined wholly to issues more intelligible to the

average elector, who in casting a sound and sensible vote in favour of the Union would no doubt have been puzzled to give even a roughly accurate sketch of the new Anglo-Irish Constitution embodied in Mr. GLADSTONE's rejected Bill. These peculiarities of the late struggle give an almost surprising air of freshness to the lucidly-stated and closely-reasoned argument of Professor DICEY's interesting volume, *England's Case against Home Rule*. Considered as an answer to that particular contention to which the author carefully confines his elenchus, it is in our judgment absolutely conclusive. The only doubt we feel inclined to suggest is whether the school of politicians, English or Irish, who uphold this contention is by any means as numerous or as worthy of elaborate confutation as Professor DICEY's work assumes. To lay stress upon this criticism, however, would be to ignore the confessedly abstract and academic character of the book. It is designed as the answer partly of the political thinker, partly and principally of the constitutional jurist, to all the arguments for Home Rule which have been or may be drawn from constitutional law and political philosophy; and with the purely practical question as to how many persons sharing political power in the United Kingdom have been really convinced by these arguments the author may, of course, with perfect justice refuse to concern himself.

Professor DICEY's reasonings, then, are avowedly addressed, not to Irish or, if there be any such, to English Nationalists—not, that is to say, to men who would prefer, if they could, to obtain complete independence for Ireland, and who accept Home Rule as the half-loaf with which they may or may not intend to remain content—but to those politicians, be they Irish or English, who do not desire or who would not assent to the separation of the two countries, and who support the policy of Home Rule as representing a safe and stable compromise between the concession of independence to Ireland and the maintenance of the Union in its present form. As against this class of politician Professor DICEY undertakes to show that "Home Rule in Ireland is more dangerous to England than Irish independence." Such a proposition may appear to be a little in excess of the necessities of the case; and considering, indeed, that Home Rule could in the last resort be converted into complete separation—that is to say, the "more dangerous" into the less dangerous arrangement—at the mere will of England, it is perhaps hardly tenable to the full extent of its terms. Most of us, however, would be well content with a sufficient proof of the less extensive proposition that Home Rule in Ireland would be equally dangerous with Irish independence, since, as we know that it would be infinitely more fruitful in expense, anxiety, and inconvenience, there will even thus be reason enough for resisting the Home Rule policy with the united strength of the English people. With such proof Professor DICEY supplies us, and in abundance enough to satisfy the most exacting demands. He arrays all the various English arguments in favour of Home Rule—the argument "from foreign experience," from the "will of the Irish people," from "the lessons of Irish history," from "the virtues of self-government," from "the necessity for Coercion Acts," and "from the inconvenience to England of refusing Home Rule," and he conclusively disposes of them in detail. Then, after having compared the situation of the two countries under the Union as it exists with that which would be substituted for it after a complete political separation, the author goes on to consider the four forms under which Irish Home Rule has either existed or been proposed—namely, the form of federation, of colonial independence, of the historical Constitution of GRATTAN, and of the projected Constitution of GLADSTONE, and carefully marshals the arguments for rejecting one and all of them. His conclusion he summarizes in the statement that the case for Home Rule rests partly on argument, but chiefly, as giving its main strength to that argument, on a certain favouring state of opinion, which is found on examination "to result from various and even self-contradictory feelings, some of which belong to the highest and some to the lowest parts of human nature," humanity and a sense of justice being "curiously combined with indolence and impatience." As to the arguments for Home Rule, they rest upon "one dubious assumption and one undoubted" but inconclusive "fact." The dubious, which is also, it is further pointed out, an irrelevant assumption, is that "the root of Irish discontent is the outraged feeling of Irish nationality," which, if it were so, would require the treatment of the case with the remedy not of Home Rule, but of independence.

The undoubted fact is that in Ireland, on all matters connected with the tenure of land, "the law of the Courts is opposed to the customs, to the moral sentiment, we may say to the law of the people"; a state of things which does not require the creation of an Irish Parliament to remedy it, but which can and should be dealt with by the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

On this last assumption—the only one, as it seems to us, on which Professor DICEY's usual power of penetrating through phrases into facts appears to have failed him—we shall not now comment at any length. We will merely say that, if what he calls a "vicious system of land tenure"—meaning a system which has been remodelled again and again for the benefit of the tenant, and at the expense of the landlord—is really opposed to the customs, to the moral sentiment, and, we may say, to the law of the people, it is only opposed to these things in the same way in which the existence of private property in any form is opposed to the "moral sentiment" of the S. D. F., to the "customs" of some of its followers (when the eye of the police is off them), and "we may say to the law," as these people would like it to be. This objection taken, we will revert once more to the question—not fairly arising, as we have admitted, out of the book before us, but interesting to the practical politician—as to how many Englishmen there are who, having been converted to Home Rule on the strength of one or other of the six arguments above enumerated, require to have it refuted as a condition of their reconversion. As regards many, indeed almost all, of the leading supporters of the Home Rule policy in Parliament, the question sounds like irony. What convinced Sir WILLIAM HARcourt or Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN that it would be just, wise, and safe to grant a separate Parliament to Ireland? We might as well ask what convinced ESAU that it would be expedient to assign his birthright to JACOB? The one all-sufficient proof to Sir WILLIAM HARcourt's mind of the wisdom and safety of the GLADSTONE policy may have been that the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is a post of great dignity, not overburdened with departmental work, and unembittered by the threats of dynamiters. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's "serious call"—that which once for all persuaded him that the Act of Union might be repealed without danger—may have been the reflection that a Cabinet office is not to be refused without imprudence. But, leaving these converts aside, and passing to those in whose case the word "conversion" does not sound as if it were the legal term applied by mistake to the men instead of to the emoluments of their offices—passing, we say, to the English Home Rulers, of whom Mr. MORLEY may be regarded as the most respectable exemplar, can we say that these persons stand really in need of the masterly refutation of the aforesaid six arguments in the volume? Is Mr. MORLEY, for instance, misled by the fallacious "argument from foreign experience"? Is he a victim to the puerile *petitio principii* of the appeal to "the will of the Irish people," when the very question to be decided is whether the Irish people are or are not to remain in political union with another nation whose "wills" outnumber theirs in the ratio of six to one? Is he unable to see through the "looped and windowed raggedness" of the argument from "the lessons of Irish history"? Does he believe so ardently in the "virtues of self-government" as to believe that these only will make the gift of Irish legislative autonomy an innocuous one? We know that the answer to all these questions should be in the negative. We know it partly from Mr. MORLEY's express admission, partly by necessary inferences from his silence. Arguments five and six in Professor DICEY's list—the arguments "from the necessity for Coercion Acts," and "from the inconvenience to England of refusing Home Rule"—are the only ones which Mr. MORLEY has ever honoured with his patronage, and these surely do not merit refutation at all. They are, indeed, not arguments, these naked appeals to indolence and fear, any more than a yawn or a shudder is an argument. Yet Mr. MORLEY is undoubtedly a representative Home Ruler in this—that for once that the other four respectable, if feeble, arguments are paraded, as it were, for full-dress inspection, we are a dozen times invited in private to embrace one of the two disreputable members of the company who bring up the rear. But if, as we have said, these so-called arguments are not arguments at all, the party who have adopted them may be a clique or a faction, but do not deserve the name of a political school. There may be and is an English Home Rule movement; but there are not, in the true sense of the word, any English Home Rulers.

PAWBROKERS ON JURIES.

THE pawnbrokers deserve sympathy in their attempt to deal with a hasty charge of being undesirable jurymen. It may be remembered that last spring the house of Mr. HAVERS, at Balham, was broken into, and he was robbed of all his billiard-balls except the spot white. In a letter to the *Times* he published the narrative of his misfortunes, complaining especially that he was not called as a witness when his evidence might have been of weight and value. He remarked that a police officer had exclaimed on the difficulty of getting a conviction, in cases of stolen property, when there were pawnbrokers on the jury.

In connexion with this affair, Mr. LAYMAN, the hon. secretary of the Pawnbrokers' Protection Society, writes to the *Times* complaining, in his turn, that no satisfaction can be got for the charge against the morality of pawnbrokers. First the Society went to Scotland Yard, where they were promised that the whole affair should be investigated. The investigations were made apparently, and the reply was returned to the Pawnbrokers' Society that no such accusation had been proffered. Then the pawnbrokers, pursuing their inquiries, were informed that a certain Sergeant JUPE had uttered the charge. Scotland Yard and the Home Office were again appealed to; but the answer from the former was "evasive and unsatisfactory," while the HOME SECRETARY "had no power either to remedy the grievance of the applicants or to hold an official inquiry himself."

While every one must sympathize with the Society, it is very hard to see how in this case more can be done for the clearing of the professional honour. The remark as to the difficulty of obtaining a conviction, if made at all, was probably thrown out hastily and without premeditation, in a moment of chagrin. It was to Mr. HAVERS's clerk that the statement is said to have been made in the first instance—the statement, as we understand, which Mr. HAVERS had in his mind when he wrote to the *Times*. In a statement by Mrs. WITHERS, dated August 30, JUPE is said to have observed that "there were three pawnbrokers and two receivers on the jury, and that is why they"—the men accused of theft—"got off." But this statement of Mrs. WITHERS "is emphatically denied by Police-sergeant JUPE," who "has hitherto borne a high character." In the published correspondence these remarks occur in a letter signed "J. MONRO," but bearing no date, nor name of the place where it was written; but from Mr. LAYMAN's letter we are inclined to infer that it came from Scotland Yard. In any case, J. MONRO "is not prepared to come to any definite conclusion in the matter of the guilt of Sergeant JUPE."

The case is hard, but we cannot pretend to be able to advise the Metropolitan Pawnbrokers' Protection Society as to their best mode of finding a remedy. Every one will ask himself, "Were there, as a matter of fact, three, or 'any, pawnbrokers on the jury' in the case in which Mr. HAVERS and Mrs. WITHERS were interested? This fact is not beyond the reach of historical research, though perhaps the answer would only satisfy a casual curiosity. No one will pretend to believe that pawnbrokers, as a body of men, will not, when they serve on a jury, convict receivers of stolen property. But it would certainly be undesirable that juries should commonly contain a large proportion of pawnbrokers. As to a jury with "receivers" on it, the thing is absurd. It may be very wise to set a thief to catch a thief, but there is no such policy in setting receivers to give a verdict on thieves. The assertion, in short, that "there were three pawnbrokers and two receivers on the jury," the assertion attributed by Mrs. WITHERS to Sergeant JUPE, sounds like a piece of wildly humorous exaggeration, and could not be expected to be taken seriously by any one born south of the Border. Justice would suffer even more by a system in which such a jury would be possible than by a tendency in police sergeants to speak unadvisedly with their lips and then to forget all about the circumstance and deny the statement. It is, in any case, the usual official delays that have retarded the publication of the Pawnbrokers' Society's vindication.

BURMAH.

AS was to have been foreseen, General ROBERTS is losing no time in taking up the work of General MACPHERSON. He is already at Mandalay, and beginning to direct the operations which will probably at last sweep Dacoits, hill-

men, and pretenders out of the way in Upper Burmah. The task is not being taken in hand a day too soon. The papers which announced the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief on the scene of action also reported three fights with native bands in different regions. There was some obscurity as to the result of one of these actions; but they have this much in common, that the enemy seems to have fought with more than ordinary obstinacy and success. He was beaten, indeed; but two English military officers have been killed. Another military officer and an English official of the police have been wounded. Judged by the experience of the last few months, this is a heavy list of casualties to be incurred within a few days, and is perhaps a sign that the Sepoys need more than the usual amount of leading. The Burmese are said to entertain a contempt for the native Indian troops, and may show exceptional resolution in opposing them. Against white troops and the Ghoorka regiments, when they come to know their worth, they will probably be less stout. None the less, every fight in which they hold their ground even for a time will do something to harden them; for a mere defeat does not seem to have much effect on men who have abundance of safe hiding-places to fly to, and who obviously trust more to wearying out their opponent than to driving him out of the field. Fortunately General ROBERTS will have a sufficient force to occupy the country as well as to scour it, and it is needless to say that no living English officer is more completely master of the art of beating Asiatics.

As far as clearing the open country goes, General ROBERTS may be trusted to do everything necessary most thoroughly. Whether he will be able to pacify Upper Burmah will, however, depend on the amount and efficiency of the support he receives from the civil authorities. It is, unfortunately, still doubtful whether he will receive all the aid he needs from this branch of the Indian service. There is still much reason to believe that the civil officials at the head of the administration of Upper Burmah continue to underrate the difficulties of their work, or rather of the work which is being done for them by the troops. According to reports which may very well be correct, it is the wish of General ROBERTS to employ the police in the work of occupying the country cleared by the troops as they advance. The pacification of the country would undoubtedly be promoted by this division of labour. The troops would be left free to act in the field, and the Burmans would be made to understand by the sight of an efficient force working among them for the maintenance of order that the English occupation of their country is to be permanent—a point on which they are said to have been in some doubt up to now. It is obvious, however, that General ROBERTS's plan can prove practical only if his soldiers have a sufficiently strong force of police to co-operate with. By no fault of the Commander-in-Chief's this support seems very likely to fail him. Although the occupation of Upper Burmah has now lasted for nearly two years, and although the formation of an efficient police was one of the first pieces of work our administration was supposed to be about to take in hand, the work would seem to be still to do. Unless, therefore, the civil authorities at Mandalay show more speed, and do their work in a more thorough-going way than they have adopted hitherto, General ROBERTS may not impossibly find that half his tools are not ready when the work is about to begin. There has certainly been nothing in the course of affairs in Burmah hitherto to make this supposition either rash or uncharitable. The pacification of the country has been unduly delayed, and the "bush-whacking" of the Dacoits has been allowed to grow into a considerable guerrillero war—certainly by the fault of somebody. Whether there has been mismanagement on the part of individual officers, or whether the comparative failure of the occupation is due to our practice of dividing responsibility between two distinct and occasionally unfriendly branches of the Indian service, are points for experts to argue. In the meantime, it is clear that authority in Burmah has been divided and weak. The division has borne its usual fruit, and will of course continue to do so. At the present moment the most effectual, and withal the least invidious, way to correct this mistake would be to recognize the fact that Burmah, being still in a state of war, is not ripe for a civil administration, and on that very sufficient ground to concentrate all authority in the hands of General ROBERTS.

FRENCH CIVIL GOVERNORS.

THE last nine months of M. PAUL BERT's life will probably save him from being remembered as only the most unscrupulous and vehement of French anti-Clericals. His political career was perfectly insignificant in every other respect. It was the most ludicrous part of M. GAMBETTA's Ministerial fiasco that he should have appointed M. PAUL BERT Minister of Worship. There was some sort of distinction, no doubt, in being selected by a Prime Minister who had resolved to insult the Church as that man of all men in France whose appointment to this particular office would be felt as most insulting. Still, this is not a permanent kind of glory; and, politically, M. PAUL BERT had no other. In science he had a better reputation, but it was one which could be fairly estimated by his fellow-men of science. The outside world was content, and indeed was compelled, to take his scientific merits on trust, which is another way of saying that the outside world knew and cared very little about them. It would hardly have heard of M. PAUL BERT as a man of science at all if he had not become conspicuous as an assailant of the Church. In the course of his fight with the clergy M. BERT was guilty of a piece of literary bad taste and bad faith of a very gross kind. The notorious work which he concocted out of the casuistical text-book of a Jesuit is hardly so bad as its reputation. The reader who looks into it finds a great deal that is very dull and innocent enough; but if it were as clean as a book meant to show the bad side of the Jesuit teaching could possibly be, the dishonesty of its author could hardly be less on that account. M. BERT took a long work written in Latin, full of technical terms, and designed for the exclusive use of professional experts. He selected such passages as suited his purpose, many of them mere pieces of intellectual jugglery of the common casuistical kind, and published them as fair examples of the common moral teaching of the Church. The dishonesty of this kind of advocacy is obvious, and it did M. BERT and his cause harm enough. When he left for Tonquin rather less than a year ago, he was only known as the most noisy and brutal of the noisy and brutal anti-Clerical party, as a scientific man of some reputation, and as the compiler of an indecent controversial book.

During the nine months of his career as Civil Governor of Tonquin, M. BERT contrived to make for himself a much more respectable record than this. His position was an extremely difficult one. The very ricketty colonies of France have always been treated as belonging to the Ministry of Marine. They are administered by naval and military officers, who resent the intrusion of a civilian into their reserve very strongly. These gentlemen, whether by their own fault or because they belong to a nation with little or no faculty for colonization, have certainly not been able to keep French colonies from being very dismal commercial and financial failures. In spite of this ill success, or perhaps because of it, naval and military officers are no fonder than they used to be of civil governors. M. PAUL BERT was sent to Tonquin to hold this post, and was, of course, made the victim of their professional dislike. The forms which it took were often sufficiently ludicrous. One officer kept him waiting half an hour for an escort, and thereby gravely compromised his dignity in the eyes of the natives. On another occasion, when M. PAUL BERT's steam-launch got aground, he was not only refused help, but was openly derided by the officers and men of a Government vessel. Other Frenchmen in his unfortunate position have generally been provoked into explosions of rage by small persecutions of this character. M. PAUL BERT, and it was the last thing a superficial observer would have expected of him, kept his temper, and was beginning to get the better of his tormentors when his career was cut short altogether. His management of more serious matters than the small spite and bad manners of naval and military officers was decidedly creditable. He could not make Tonquin pay; but he could at least clear away all doubts as to what it actually cost, and prepare for getting its finances into a sound condition at some future time. Towards the natives his conduct seems to have been thoroughly rational. He was content to leave their habits and their creeds exactly as he found them, on the one condition that they would live peaceably under French rule and pay their taxes. Before leaving France M. BERT had made himself consumedly ridiculous by the speeches he delivered to the numerous crowds which would collect to bid him farewell day after

day; but he was not the only Frenchman who had both sagacity and spirit in spite of a habit of talking what sounds to an Englishman like blatant nonsense. M. BERT's famous declaration that anti-Clericalism was not an article of export, which seemed so cynical to some respectable people, was a proof of his good sense. From his own point of view the clergy in a country where they might possibly obtain political power and would assuredly use it in the interests of their Church, and the clergy where they were only missionaries and mainly dependent on himself, were two widely different bodies. Whether it was cynicism or not which made him act as he did, M. PAUL BERT was only the better colonial governor for seeing that he could make use of the Roman Catholic clergy. If he had lived a little longer, he might have supplied the opponents of the military system of government in French colonies with a striking example of successful civilian administration.

Just as M. PAUL BERT has been struck down at the very beginning of his career in Tonquin, another colonial civil governor has finished his term of service. M. CAMBON is about to leave Tunis, and before going he has delivered a speech in which he surveys his administration. M. CAMBON, like M. PAUL BERT, is a civilian appointed to one of those posts which French military officers think peculiarly their own. He was named as Resident in Tunis with a distinct understanding that it was to keep the military element in a subordinate place, which is a place the military element never occupies with a good grace. It is among the many remarkable incidents in the career of General BOULANGER that when he was in command in Tunis he made a serious attempt to drive M. CAMBON out of the Regency. It is, however, the fate of the present MINISTER OF WAR to suffer defeat at the hands of Pékins, and M. CAMBON routed him as effectually as the Duc d'AUMALE's factor. Since then the Resident has been allowed to go his way unopposed by the military gentlemen on duty in the Regency, and, to judge from his own modestly complacent account, he has done it with great success. M. CAMBON declines to take any credit except for carrying out the policy of the Republic. In his humble capacity, so to speak, he has, however, not been an unprofitable servant. He draws a comparison between the state of Tunis four years ago and its state to-day. Then it was disturbed; now it is at peace. Then its finances were in confusion; now they are in perfect order. Then the consular jurisdictions were disturbing the administration of justice (English residents in Egypt, please note this observation of M. CAMBON's); now they have been abolished, and confusion has gone with them. Then the public service was a marsh of corruption; now it has been drained and dried and sanitized by M. CAMBON so as to afford a secure foundation for his successor to build on. All this is good hearing for the French, and the better because it has all been done very cheaply and by a minimum of interference with native habits. It is possible that the BEY may make a rueful face when he reads that, whereas he was a much-despised person four years ago, he is now properly respected. This sort of joke is, however, inevitable when you have a nominal Eastern sovereign gradually killing himself with hashish under the judicious guardianship of a European officer. The feelings of the BEY cannot be too tenderly considered. M. CAMBON seems to have very good grounds for asserting that he has made a successful business of his administration of Tunis. Indeed, since it passed through its first stage—which was as discreditable as it well could be—the French protectorate of this region has been the most creditable part of its African history.

PHRASES AND FACTS.

IT can hardly have been otherwise than as a matter of form that the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works expressed the "disappointment of the deputation introduced by him the other day to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's reply." We can scarcely suppose, that is to say, that either the Metropolitan Board or the Corporation can seriously have expected any Government of the present day, whether Liberal or Conservative, to grant them a renewed lease of the coal and wine duties. In saying this, however, we have no more intention of condemning these duties, whether from the political, fiscal, or commercial point of view, than we should have of assailing the moral character of the dog just

sentenced to be hanged. We content ourselves in each case with admitting the fact that the destined victim has a bad name. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL himself said everything, in his very skilful and elaborate speech, which can be urged against the duties from the theoretical point of view; and we quite admit that it makes a formidable indictment. It is true that the objections are theoretical, and that all, or all the more important, of them are met by theoretical answers which are at least arguably as good as the objections which they meet. For instance, that the coal duties enhance the price of coal to the poor who purchase it in small quantities of the retail dealer—or, at least, that the repeal of the duties would reduce that price—is a proposition in applied economics which may or may not be true, but which can be and is denied by many excellent economical authorities. So, again, it is a highly considered political theorem that the area of taxation and representation should be coextensive; but it is at least worthy of consideration whether a tax levied under a "double representative system," such as the tax which will be substituted for the coal and wine duties if the Metropolitan Board have to impose another 2½d. in the pound, is much to be preferred to the duties in question by those who will have to pay it. And so with some other of the arguments put forward by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The fact, however, remains that, even if the question of retaining or abolishing these duties from the point of view of practical expediency could be considered, as we indeed are disposed to consider it, a perfectly open one—the fact, we say, remains that the advocates of abolition have got all the telling phrases on their side; and, in an age when every year sends forth at the age of thirteen thousands of recruits to the great army of those who are governed by phrases, it is only to be expected that a shrewd Minister should shrink, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL evidently shrinks, from the unequal contest.

So sadly imperative appears to be the necessity in these days of getting the phrases on one's own side, whether the facts have or have not to take care of themselves, that we welcome it as an unexpected stroke of luck to find two sets of phrasemongers figuratively destroying each other's property, and raising hopes that an opening may at last be found for the facts. We have cordially to thank Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE for a service of this exact kind. In the speech which he delivered the other night to the North Hackney Liberal and Radical Association Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE felt moved to declare himself on the question of Sir ROBERT HAMILTON's transfer from Dublin. Now that is a matter on which we long ago expressed our opinion—an opinion founded, not upon any theory, favourable or adverse, of the merits of that eminent official, but wholly upon a review of the hard facts of the situation in Ireland and the necessary inferences arising therefrom with respect to administrative policy. We were and are among those who hold that it would conduce to the interests of good government that Sir ROBERT HAMILTON should be transferred to some other post of equal dignity and emolument in the public service. Nor have we ever heard any answer to the arguments in favour of this course except a phrase—a phrase which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, while vehemently maintaining the contention of which it is the only support, has now obligingly knocked to pieces. This phrase was to the effect that the permanent officials of a department must be assumed, under any and all circumstances whatever, and in the teeth of convincing proof and even common knowledge to the contrary, to have no politics. It was on the strength of that phrase that Sir ROBERT HAMILTON ought, we were told, to be by all means retained at Dublin Castle. And now let us see why Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE thinks he ought to be retained—or, at any rate, let us see what he regards as insufficient grounds for his removal. "Sir ROBERT HAMILTON," he said, "was one of the ablest men in the Civil Service, and he was also one of the most loyal of public servants. He had served successive Governments in Ireland in the most honourable, conscientious, and effective manner. He had, however, after some years of service in Ireland, and with better opportunities of forming an opinion than any other living man, come to the deliberate conclusion that self-government should be conceded to Ireland, and that local government could be given with advantage to them and with safety to the Empire. It was generally believed that he converted Lord CARNARVON to his view last year, and inspired that nobleman in his speeches which went a long way in this direction. He also assisted Mr. GLADSTONE with his advice in the preparation of his measure. He had gained the con-

"fidence and love of the Irish people, yet he was now to be "recalled." In other words, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE holds that Sir ROBERT HAMILTON ought to be retained at Dublin, if not in virtue, at any rate in spite, of his having become an avowed personal, not merely official convert to the Separation policy. And while Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE holds and declares this, a whole host of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's friends are exclaiming in chorus that Sir ROBERT HAMILTON ought to be retained at Dublin because it is irregular and mischievous to take cognizance of the fact of his having any personal opinions on the Irish question at all—least of all opinions so notorious as to have won him "the confidence and love of the Irish people," meaning thereby, of course, the Separatist section of them. Would it not be well if Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and his friends were to hold a private conference and arrive at some sort of agreement as to their line of argument in this matter?

FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPROS.

THE treatment of leprosy was a speciality, and we may add an honourable speciality, of the mediæval Church. There was even a special, and, as Milman says, singularly touching, ritual prescribed for use in the necessary seclusion of lepers from the society of their fellows:—"The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease." Its origin has been variously attributed to hunger and privation, or to vicious indulgence, and in the Old Testament it seems to be regarded as the symbol and consequence of sin; probably it had some connexion with both causes. What is certain is that the Crusaders introduced it into Europe, and hence it acquired in that age a kind of mysterious and sacred significance from its indirect relation to the Holy Sepulchre. A sentiment not merely of pity but of reverence for its unhappy victims was widely diffused throughout Christendom. And this feeling was greatly enhanced by the belief, founded on the Vulgate reading of a familiar passage in Isaiah, that Christ Himself had been spoken of by the Prophet under the similitude of a leper: "Nos putavimus Eum quasi leporum, percutimus a Deo et humiliatum." Kings and princes accordingly were ready to visit lepers and countesses ministered to them; hospitals were erected in every considerable city for their relief—Mathew Paris reckons the total number in Europe at 19,000—and Saints wrought miracles for their cure. A cognate miracle, which did much to confirm and intensify the current tone of mind on the subject, is recorded by St. Bonaventura in his Life of Francis of Assisi. At a very early stage in his career the future saint and founder of the Franciscan Order, while crossing a plain on horseback, met a leper. By a strong effort he repressed his involuntary repugnance, dismounted, and embraced his suffering brother. But the seeming leper, as his biographer assures us, instantly disappeared: Francis had unwittingly done homage to the Divine Sufferer of Isaiah's prophecy. So at all events he himself believed, and for some time afterwards he devoted himself in the hospital at Gubbio to attendance on that wretched and to natural feeling loathsome class of patients. It was well for them certainly that so terrible a malady should not be without such merciful incidents of alleviation. For the complete isolation of its victims was strictly enforced by law and public opinion; they had to wear a distinctive costume and carried a wooden clapper to give notice of their approach; they were forbidden to enter churches or other places of general resort, to touch healthy persons or eat with them, to walk on footpaths or bathe in rivers. It is true that recent medical opinion inclines to doubt or deny the infectious nature of the malady; but the mere belief in it would have made a strict segregation inevitable. Some of our readers may recollect seeing Holbein's picture at Munich of St. Elizabeth ministering to a group of lepers; it was painted at Augsburg in 1516, and he is said to have made his studies from the leper-house then existing there.

The disease first began to decline in Europe in the fifteenth century, and had mostly disappeared before the end of the seventeenth. It survives however still in some particular districts, and it is common enough all over the East, as well as in the West Indies, and notably in the Hawaiian Islands. There are said to be no less than 135,000 lepers in British India at the present time. But a large increase of leprosy during late years in the Sandwich Islands has compelled the Government to segregate the victims altogether, and the little island of Molokai has been set apart for the purpose. In 1873 Father Damien, a young Belgian priest, volunteered his services to minister to them, thereby of course cutting himself off from all intercourse with the outer world, and there for thirteen years he has continued assiduously to minister to their wants, bodily and spiritual, being, as has been said, their "doctor, nurse, carpenter, schoolmaster, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, sometimes even their undertaker and gravedigger"; and he has now himself, as might have been anticipated, fallen a victim to the disease. There were about 800 lepers on the island when he took up his abode there, of whom more than half were Roman Catholics. In a recent letter to a friend he says that his late colleague has left Molokai, and he

is the only priest remaining there: "Having no doubt of the real character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fat volunta Tua*. Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord." To this simple appeal one "servant of the Lord" in the person of the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, has responded by organizing a contribution in England for Father Damien and his flock; the subscription list, which was to be closed this week, is reported to have reached between 600*l.* and 700*l.* In a letter to Mr. Chapman full of the warmest gratitude, Father Damien tells him that, while his own personal wants are few, as he has taken vows of poverty, "any amount, however small, will be gladly received for the relief of over 600 poor unfortunate lepers." The case is one that speaks for itself. In these days of multiplied subscriptions, circulars, sermons, bazaars, and begging-letters for all sorts of religious and philanthropic objects there cannot fail to be many claimants whose demands, however urgent, a large section of the public may, for various reasons, feel unable or unwilling to support. But there cannot, we might suppose, be two opinions among Christians of any communion—we might say among men of whatever creed or no creed with the ordinary instincts of humanity—as to the noble self-devotion of this heroic priest, who has calmly and with full knowledge dedicated himself to a weary and lifelong martyrdom, or as to the unquestionable justice of Mr. Chapman's appeal for aid to him and his sorely tried little flock of fellow-victims to a hopeless and terrible disease. As Mr. Chapman said in his letter to the *Times*: "The case is as simple as it is sad. This manly priest, himself under a vow of poverty, lives on the Island of Molokai, which is confined to lepers, among whom he has irretrievably cast his lot. He has himself fallen a prey to the disease, and says he would most gladly receive any contribution for his poor people. The case speaks for itself."

It does indeed; but we are surprised and ashamed to be obliged to add that there are some—let us hope they are but few—who very emphatically call and profess themselves Christians, but who have considered it their duty to go out of their way to proclaim their astonishment and abhorrence at this work of "false charity" undertaken on behalf of "an idolatrous priest of Antichrist" and "devotee of Baal," while they vehemently denounce the Anglican clergyman who has taken it up as a traitor to his creed. It is incredible, but it is true. Within a few days of the appearance of Mr. Chapman's letter in the *Times*, Mr. Thomas Maclure, "Hon. Sec. of the Protestant Working Men's League"—a society we have not the privilege to be acquainted with—was "desired" to address a letter to him, "to express astonishment that you, a clergyman of the Church of England, should endeavour to create sympathy for an idolatrous priest of that abominable system against which you are especially pledged to labour, both as a minister of the Gospel, and also as a liberty-loving Englishman." The writer proceeds piously to observe that "the self-denial and devotion of Father Damien are no more worthy of admiration than that of the devotees of Baal who cut themselves with knives till the blood gushed out upon them (1 Kings xviii. 28), or those who cast their bodies beneath the car of Juggernaut." All that Father Damien can achieve as the priest of Antichrist is to make his proselytes "twofold more children of hell than he is himself." And if Father Damien is a child of hell, "the Minister of the Gospel" who wishes to relieve him and his stricken fellow-sufferers is not much better; "Instead of making the boundaries clear, distinct, and insurmountable between us and Rome, so that they who would pass from hence to her cannot, you take away the ancient landmarks, remove the Gospel warning-lights, and with feeble, glimmering *ignis fatuus* of false charity you entice people into declaring that we and Antichrist are brethren." To this *verbosa et grandis epistola* of the Hon. Secretary of the Working Men's Protestant League Mr. Chapman returned an answer short and sweet and much to the purpose, which we may transcribe:—

"DEAR SIR.—Your letter is a very wicked one, though I excuse it on the ground of its utter folly. Go and do thou likewise."

It was not to be expected that the Protestant League and its Secretary would sit down patiently under this vigorous rebuke, though Mr. Maclure rather enigmatically informs his correspondent that he "should not have replied at all, had it not been brought under my notice that not only worldly but Popish journals had copies of our correspondence." It has thus been widely circulated—which seems to imply that the *Tablet* has a wider circulation than the *Times*. The rest of the letter, which we need not inflict on our readers, is designed to convince Mr. Chapman that, while his "sympathy with Father Damien may be viewed as humane" by the many who know not the Word of God, it is wholly unscriptural and "not in accord with your ministerial position." To this second missive no reply was sent—or needed. And we may venture to hope, in spite of his boasted array of Protestant working-men in the background, that Mr. Thomas Maclure, who took a prominent part some years ago, if our memory serves us, in the proceedings at St. James's, Hatcham—represents nobody, or almost nobody, but himself. The world is not too full of such heroisms as that of this lonely priest, all the nobler because there is so little of outward splendour or *éclat* about them, and men who are thus eager to embrace "the pang without the palm"—so far as any earthly recompense is concerned—deserve at least

to be held in respectful remembrance. In characters like Gordon or Father Damien, kindred natures however diverse their vocation in life or their form of faith, we detect unmistakably the true secret of greatness.

"AND THEN HE GOES AND DOES IT."

WHO first said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and what pope, bishop, or other person made or did not make the equally celebrated retort about the Jesuits or some one else, "Go and do thou likewise," are questions about as profitable as What song the sirens sang? The principle of the sage, that probably nobody ever said anything for the first time, commends itself to all except the race of gerund-grinders and parallel-passage seekers. But fresh instances of these immortal truisms and adages are always welcome to the anthropologist; and a very admirable instance of the truth of the maxim just referred to has occurred this week. Mankind, at least British mankind, is aware that, if there is one thing which a true Liberal looks on with scorn and loathing, it is the Primrose League. At first he merely laughed; but as time went on the laugh went on likewise—at least as far as the other side of the mouth. This was the first stage. Then ensued a stage of grave moral indignation, personified and mouth-pieced by (among other proper moral men) Sir Charles Dilke, whose wail over the wicked Primrose ladies who nearly turned him out, even in his moment of triumph, may be recollected; and of simple abuse, personified and mouthpieced by Professor Thorold Rogers, that very perfect, gentle judge of all that is ladylike and gentlemanlike. This lasted even a briefer time than the first stage; for the second of the two recent general elections seems to have convinced the true Liberal, as he calls himself, the Gladstonian, as others call him, that neither the morality of a Dilke nor the taste of a Rogers would meet the case. So his attitude towards the Primrose League has reached a third stage, which was announced to all men in the columns of the *Daily News* on Wednesday morning last.

The meeting at which the third stage was formally entered was of course held at that temple of luxury and ease—the National Liberal Club. Little reference appears to have been made to any previous attempts in the same direction, though we have a vague idea that there was once something which called itself the Liberal Women's Association. Perhaps the oddity, not to say equivocalness, of the term "Liberal Women" killed it; perhaps it lives still. At any rate the Liberal League for the Association of Men and Women in Liberal Work ignores these Liberal Women as such. It will only have to do with Liberal Men-and-Women. It is to be a place of happy pairs, like the Primrose League, not a mere rendezvous of proud males like the usual political club, or a forum for mere Ecclesiastizus such as (if they ever existed, on which point we repeat that we are vague) the Liberal Women. It is to "counteract the influence of the Primrose League," a rather *naïf* announcement, which is of itself no small compliment to the elder Society; to "promote Liberal [that is, we suppose, Gladstonian] principles throughout the British Empire" (of course until Liberal principles have broken the said Empire up); to "include all Liberals of every section, irrespective of sex"; to be for Liberals a means of communication "between themselves and between themselves and the leaders of their party"; to "initiate non-existent [how the deuce do you initiate the non-existent? by killing the existent?] and develop existing Liberal clubs"; to provide halls and rooms; and "by all legitimate means to promote political education and progressive legislation."

The same number of the same paper which contained the *acte de naissance* of this Society for Initiating the Non-existent—for turning Being into not-Being, perhaps by means of the Becoming, on which it will be clear that Professor Thorold Rogers must be consulted—contained also some editorial remarks on it. "Many of the methods of the Primrose League," we learnt, "are to be avoided rather than imitated," though at least it never attempted such a curious method as the initiation of the non-existent. And when the new League with the very long name has succeeded in initiating the non-existent, in superinducing the first dark day of nothingness, it is very carefully to eschew "the flummery of squires and dames," "the vulgarity of badges and emblems," "the jargon of habitations and lodges." These things, it appears, are "revolting to rational politicians," who prefer to conduct the initiation of the non-existent without any such apparatus. But it will "concentrate as well as direct the active zeal of Liberals throughout the country," and will generally make it very unpleasant for Lord Randolph Churchill. Indeed, it will probably, in some way or other, "ensure the government of the people by the people for the people," or, perhaps, of the people by the League with the long name for the wirepullers of Gladstonianism. That, however, is, of course, a point on which there may be a legitimate difference of opinion, for assuredly no two politicians of different views ever yet meant the same thing by "the people."

The two most interesting things, however, about the long-named League for the initiation of the non-existent—the "Genèse du Néant," as a Frenchman could more sonorously call it—are, in the first place, its reluctant confession what a formidable enemy the Primrose League is, and, in the second, its eager disclaimer of all the particular "methods" and means of the said

League. Time was, and not long ago, when the "Primrose cult" was the subject of inextinguishable laughter on the Liberal side. Elaborate attempts were made to show that Lord Beaconsfield didn't like primroses; that he never said he liked them; that, if he said so, it was one more proof of his hellish hypocrisy; that the Primrose League was worthy only of *Scoccinaupification* in the opinion of sensible men. Mr. Punch (always ready to help his party) created 'Arry a member of it; somebody else suggested kindly that serious audit of the funds was needed; a third obliging critic hinted that when Primrose dames were not running away from their husbands, they were boycotting the harmless village tradesman. Which things did not much affect the audacious League except, perhaps, to increase it; and after the last election it was discovered on the other side that the said election had been wholly and solely won by the Primrose League. So it has become quite obviously necessary for the great Liberal party—so united, so unanimous already—to unite and unaninate itself still further by a League of its own, which shall confound the politics of the Primrosites, shall at once frustrate and avoid their knavish tricks of badges and lodges, shall initiate the non-existent, and set Mr. Gladstone ruling triumphantly in a peaceful world of Nicht-Seyn.

Now this is of course from its own point of view a perfectly legitimate programme—if it can be carried out. We do not here refer to that complicated and obscure process of initiating the non-existent, which may be the result of a slip of the pen or a slight fog in the brain of the penman. What we are really curious to see is how the long-named League does it. For it is apparently pledged to avoid those outward and visible means which play so large a part in the methods of its rival and model. Now we, of course, have not the slightest doubt that the political principles of the Primrose League are much better and more rational political principles than those of the Men-and-Women (we really must call it something short). But that Cynic Mind which, as the same moralist of the *Daily News* informed us a few days ago, "schoolboys admire, undergraduates imitate," and all respectable people (if we remember rightly) "scorn and loathe," suggests that the political principles of the very Genius of Politics himself, enforced with the energy and persuasiveness of the Genius of Oratory in person, would not make so much popular way as the very harmless and very sensible appeals to certain well-known human foibles which the leading spirits of the Primrose League have employed with so much shrewdness and success. Do the Men-and-Women think that Freemasonry would be where it is without its paraphernalia? Do they think that the founders and managers of the great friendly Societies have or had some peculiar and innate softness of brain on the subject of regalia and banners? And if their lofty souls scorn Freemasonry as frivolous, and the Brotherhood of Boisterous Buffaloes as mere *bananias*, they can find, especially in the North of England, not a few long-headed politicians of their own way of thinking who will tell them how much "paraphernalia" have to do with politics. The good Men-and-Women seem not to have read their *Sartor*, or, which is more probable, to have read it without a ghost of understanding as to what it means.

But this is taking the Men-and-Women too seriously. If the hideous Cynic Mind knows anything of history (and it may be gently insinuated that in some cases it knows a good deal), the future of Man-and-Womanism is clear. Either it will not get its League at all, or, having got it, it will set to work to initiate the non-existent with as close an imitation of the Primrose machinery as can decently be managed. Of course there will not be "habitations" or "knights" or "dames"; perhaps there will not even be badges *en nomine*. But, as in other matters, new Presbyter will only be old Priest writ large, and the Men-and-Women's League will provide itself with as convenient a substitute for "flummery" as the eminent Mr. Bonnycastle did for flogging. That is, it will do so if it is going to succeed, and perhaps also if it is going to fail. For as in men and in women, so in Men-and-Women, there is a really astonishing amount of human nature, and (once more to excite the scorn and loathing, &c., by the vile maxims of the Cynic Mind) that human nature is quite marvellously constant, which, indeed, has been sufficiently proved by the ante-initial, but, we suppose, existent state of the League itself. It has sprung from scorn and loathing of the very thing that it now imitates. Its father was Mr. Thorold Rogers's abuse, and its mother Sir Charles Dilke's protest against the Primrose League itself; and probably every one of its founders has in his time (and that no very long time) jeered at Primrose Day, sneered at the Primrose League, and loudly asserted that the Liberal Britannia wanted no bulwarks of leagues, no towers of "tomfoolery," that logic was the Liberal's only lever, and reason his sole resource. After all which comes the "Liberal League for the Association of Men and Women" in fighting Primrosism foot to foot and inch by inch. They used to say that the Primrose League would have afforded great amusement to its hero. Perhaps; but we think we know a League which would have afforded him greater.

RUSSIAN TRAVELLERS IN INDIA.

THE minds of English officials in India have long and often been disquieted by rumours to the effect that Russian spies were traversing India in disguise, stirring up the natives to revolt, and reporting to the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg as to what

weak places they had been able to detect in the British armour. The existence of these spies has been earnestly maintained on the one side and vigorously denied on the other. It may be interesting to our readers to hear an account given by a Russian traveller of his journey through India in disguise, and of the conversations which he held on the way with natives regarding England and Russia (*Po Indii*. P. I. Pashino. C. Peterburg).

In March 1873, Dr. Pashino (the accent falls on the first syllable), a native of Little Russia, first entertained the idea of visiting India. He had formerly served for seventeen years as an official in the Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office, and afterwards he was for some time Oriental Interpreter to the Governor-General of Turkestan, General Romanovsky. Profiting by the kindness of "a highly placed person," who offered him a sum of money for a journey across India to Turkestan, he set out on his adventurous expedition. On the 10th of June he left St. Petersburg, and went from Vienna to Alexandria. There, thanks to the kind offices of the Russian Vice-Consul, he obtained a passport under the name of Sheikh Muhammad Ayad Effendi. As he had never been in Turkey, he spent three weeks in Alexandria practising Turkish. After arriving at Bombay, he travelled third class to Allahabad. When asked what he was doing, he replied that he was going to Kashmir to obtain a legacy which was due to him from the executors of his brother, Dr. Asadul Khan, who had died five years before, and whose property had been confiscated by the State. At Amritsar he lived in a caravansarai, chiefly with natives. Two of them, a Persian and a Turk, told him one evening that they suspected him of being no Asiatic, but a Russian deserter. The Persian, who knew a little Russian, wanted to speak Russian with him. The Turk showered curses upon the whole Russian nation, and at the same time expressed his humiliation that Fate had appointed the English and Russian nations to rule over Asia. But he blessed the English for their good rule of the land; whereas in his own holy Turkey, where the Viceroy of the Prophet ruled, there was neither order nor justice, the laws were disobeyed by all, and everywhere injustice and disorder were spread. The Turk wanted to know if all Russians were of gigantic stature and strength, and whether Russians when they stormed a town did not commit terrible cruelties. The Doctor replied that it might be so; he had heard such things about these accursed Giaours, but that he was not a Russian soldier, as the Turkish passport he produced would prove. And by means of it he did remove the suspicions which had been caused by his faults of pronunciation, and his want of familiarity with Persian and Turkish idioms.

Whilst crossing the river Ravi the Doctor was surprised by the honesty of the ferrymen and the lowness of their charges, favourably comparing them with the charges and the dishonesty of the men who had assisted him to cross the river Yenisei in Siberia. His native companions explained that this was due to the English, for "the natives fear them exceedingly, and do not venture in any way to displease them, for the English generously reward labour and severely punish dishonesty."

At Shalkut Dr. Pashino found that inquiries were being made about him, and that it was said he ought to apply to the English authorities for a letter to the Maharajah of Kashmir; but he pushed on without waiting for it to Kashmir and reached Jamoo, where he was interrogated as to who he was and what he was doing. In an interview with the Vizier and his son, he told them in confidence that he was a Russian tourist, who wished to ask the Maharajah for leave to push on into Kashmire. They promised to write to the Maharajah, but they pressed him anew with questions as to who he was. He explained that "eight years before an embassy was sent by the Maharajah to Tashkent to congratulate the Russians upon their new possessions, and to wish success to their arms; that these envoys arrived without any passports, and were courteously received; that I, counting upon their cordiality, had come to return their visit, though I was not a plenipotentiary sent by the Government and had no papers, and that I wished to see these envoys." They replied that they thanked him greatly for his visit; but that the envoys in question were not then in Jamoo. "Afterwards," he continues, "they asked me to swear that I was not an Englishman, and was not sent by the English authorities; I took the oath upon a New Testament, of which they had a copy both in Russian and Persian. They replied Amen! and began to talk frankly with me upon all matters concerning the English and ourselves." But as to what they stated about their feelings towards the English Government, and their ideas concerning the approach of the Russians, Dr. Pashino sensibly, but most provokingly, keeps silence. After some time the Maharajah's reply arrived. Leave was given to go through Leh to Yarkand, Kasgar, and still further, but the traveller was ordered to avoid Kashmir. Angered by this, "he determined to apply to the English with the humble request to be allowed to pass through the dominions of the Maharajah and through Kashmire." He obtained the permission he craved without any difficulty, and he arranged with a Kashmirian to take him to Kashmire for 20 rupees. Then he set out. A little beyond Islamabad he fell in with a Fakir named Mitridas, a native of Putyala, who, in the course of conversation, favoured him with his opinions about the English. The English, according to him, are an active and intelligent people, who never waste time, and who work hard for their hire. For their women he expressed great admiration; but he objected to their missionaries, upon the ground that they are always striving to turn

aside the faithful from the truth. He also objected to the taxes which the English authorities imposed.

Dr. Pashino reached Kashmir in safety. Near Bonji one night he found a difficulty in obtaining a lodging in the village. At length he found a host, who confessed that he was not an Afghan, but a Russian soldier, who had been taken prisoner twenty years ago at Ak Mechet, and sold by the Bokharians into Afghanistan. He had been born a serf upon the shores of the Volga. On being taken prisoner, he was put into chains, then sold to an Usbeg, who took him to Shiryagan, where he was set to grind corn. There he worked till his master died, three and a half years later. Making his way to Herat, he entered Ahmed Khan's army, and assisted in fortifying the city. Under him was an Englishman, with whom he had constant quarrels as to the fortifications. When the city was taken by Dost Muhammed, he fled to Guzni, where he opened a shop and traded, having by this time accumulated much money. Then he went to Cabul and thence to Peshawer, and so on to Bonji.

In Bonji Dr. Pashino spent an evening with seven dervishes in their khan, and divided a shilling between them. Next day, after he had left, one of the dervishes came running after him, gave him back his shilling, and gave him three cakes of fresh baked bread, saying, "Take back all, please; you will want it on the way; you are a traveller. God forbid you should hunger and regret the silver piece which you gave us. We have shelter and bread, and here also is some bread for your tea."

At Gilgit Dr. Pashino found one of the envoys whom the Maharajah had sent to Tashkent in 1866, who warmly embraced him with tears of joy, and said to his companion that the Doctor was a Russian official belonging to the highest aristocracy, and that there was nothing wonderful in his being a Mussulman, for there were many such in Russia. On learning that Dr. Pashino wished to go through Darkot to Tashkent, he tried to dissuade him from doing so, but only succeeded in persuading him to assume the dress of a servant, and to pretend that his guide, Abdul Hani, was his master, who was going to Kokan to buy horses.

Next he came to Cheret. It was unpleasant travelling as a servant; especially as when he arrived at the night's quarters he was obliged to unload the ass, and prepare a meal for his supposed master. After a time they were stopped by three men and robbed of much, but the greater part of his money he was able to conceal from the robbers. He reached Yasin. Of its inhabitants he says:—"Among the population of Yasin prevail very humane principles; such as you will not find in Paris, Switzerland, or even in America. There is freedom, equality, and fraternity, without any oppression of the weak by the strong." Theft, it seems, is unknown in this happy place, for all are poor; but if a man so much as attempts to steal, he is taken at night to a distance and sold for a small price.

After a time Dr. Pashino reached Darkot, which reminded him of Vladikavkaz. There he was recognized by an Afghan, who had been cook to the envoys sent to Tashkent, and who replied to the Doctor's protestation that he was a Mussulman, and had never seen a Russian in his life:—"Do not deny it, brother. I know you are a Russian, and I know your people wish to take all this country, and I suspect you have been sent here by the Russians as a spy." The ex-cook went on to say that he liked the Russians, who were generous people, and so he would take the traveller wherever he wanted to go, and show him everything for 1,000 rupees. The Doctor refused. Soon afterwards he was examined by an official, who first asked him if he was not a Russian, and then said they suspected him of being English. Next came two officers to summon him before the Vizier. He went, accompanied by Abdul Hani, who kindly recommended him "to die quietly." By the Vizier he was examined anew. He repeated his story, and the Afghan again asserted that he had seen the Doctor at Tashkent in the suite of General Kaufmann. The Vizier examined him upon his Mahomedanism, and the Doctor recited some portion of the Koran. Then he was allowed to go home. Presently by came a crowd of drunken women and children crying "Where is the Ursus? Let us take him and stone him." He went to the door, not knowing what they were saying, and they set upon him with stones and sticks. He with difficulty escaped. During the night he and his companions fled away.

TWO DRAMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

ON Tuesday last two interesting experiments were tried before large and sympathetic London audiences. It was an unfortunate coincidence by which *The Good-Natured Man* and *Hellas* were acted on the same day; for those who wished to enjoy both performances had but just time to rush from the Vaudeville, snatch a dinner, and then to rush back to St. James's Hall. Some care surely might be taken to prevent these accumulations of intellectual excitement, a rare play by Goldsmith or a new play by Shelley being quite enough for any one to appreciate within twenty-four hours without fatigue.

The "Dramatic Students" form a body of young professionals already favourably known to playgoers by the occasional representations which they give of pieces of high merit lying outside the usual scope of the theatres. Since their first performance fifteen months ago, they have presented to us two of the less

common plays of Shakespeare, a comedy of Dryden—and this perhaps has been their greatest success hitherto—besides several other pieces of less interest. They made one mistake this spring; they played a dreary drama, *The King of the Commons*, which was neither a fine old play nor a specimen of modern dramatic poetry, but something dull between the two. They quickly redeemed this error by giving us *Love's Labour's Lost*, and now by reviving *The Good-Natured Man*. Their next performance is to be one of exceptional interest, for they promise us that most affecting of Elizabethan tragedies, the *A Woman Killed with Kindness* of Heywood.

Goldsmith's first comedy is comparatively unknown to living players. It was never a popular acting piece. *The Good-Natured Man* was originally produced at Covent Garden on the 29th of January, 1768. It had been offered first to Garrick, who refused it, and Colman then took it up. It is possible that Garrick did not wish a play of this sentimental character to clash with Hugh Kelly's *False Delicacy*, which was at that time killing the girls and thrilling the boys with its dandy pathos at Drury Lane. By the side of Kelly's boundless success, Goldsmith enjoyed comparative failure. His comedy was played for nine nights; but the scene of the bailiffs nearly wrecked it on the first, and had to be struck out to satisfy the qualms of a genteel public which thought it "low."

The "Dramatic Students" played their old comedy with care and conviction. Three among them, at least, deserve high commendation. The Miss Richland of Miss Norreys was really admirable. Mr. Eric Lewis, whose "get-up" and face were truer to the eighteenth-century type than those of any of the other actors, was a sympathetic Honeywood. Mr. Mark Ambient threw great life into the somewhat thankless part of Loftus. Before returning to these three actors we may sum up the rest of the performance. Mr. Lugg a little over-acted Croaker, especially in the "gunpowder-plot" scene; it was in this that Shuter originally secured the success of the comedy; he can scarcely have played it with such exaggeration as Mr. Lugg displayed. Mr. Ben Greet should have made himself up to look twenty years older in playing Sir William Honeywood. Mr. Gerard Sackville, as the "follower" Flanagan, was exceedingly hideous and successful. Leontine and Olivia were played by two very young actors who have yet a great deal to learn of the elements of their art. Miss Ayrton's Mrs. Croaker was charming; but the actress should have given us more of her smile and a little less of her loud laugh. On the whole, it must be said that the entire cast was creditably maintained.

Miss Norreys is certainly an actress from whom much may be expected. She is eminently natural in her movements, her style is not based on that of any other actress of the day, she has a clear and agreeable delivery, and more mobility of facial expression is what she chiefly needs. To press a handkerchief to the lips to hide a stubborn mouth is ingenious; but we hope that Miss Norreys will soon oblige her mouth also to obey her bidding. In the last act she was almost great. When she sat, crushed with disappointment, at the back of the scene, and when she rose, almost automatically, at Honeywood's return, only to stand there, helpless and dejected, she achieved a very fine piece of acting indeed, the merit of which was the greater in that the bustle of the other characters tended to divert attention from it. Mr. Lewis has so much feeling and plays with so gentlemanlike a reserve that we wish him a little more promptitude and force. He failed to convince us of his passion for Miss Richland, though we found no difficulty in appreciating her sympathy for one so good and gentle. It is a fault of the play, and not of the actors, that the more the gentleness of the hero is emphasized, the more harsh do the farcical elements of the action appear. Mr. Mark Ambient made a very interesting Loftus, although his head does not lend itself to the eighteenth-century character, and although his make-up was distinctly too juvenile. His vivacity was graceful and not carried too far. The "Dramatic Students" displayed their usual antiquarian respect for the text of their poet.

It is with some sense of magnanimity that we admit that we enjoyed the Shelley Society's performance of *Hellas*, for everything was certainly done as though expressly to make enjoyment impossible. We do not remember of late any public show so ambitious and at the same time so guilelessly given over to the amateur. There was an exceedingly large audience called together in St. James's Hall, but no sort of provision had been made for the satisfaction of its curiosity. A facsimile reprint of the original 1822 edition of *Hellas* was sold in the hall; but this was a purely antiquarian affair. We were glad to possess it, it was useful in following the singers; but it gave no smallest scrap of information as to the particular programme of the evening. The persons who sold this book, when appealed to for information, were unable to produce any bill of the play, did not know who the performers were, could not state the name of the composer, nor tell us whether he was present. As a matter of fact, however, we believe that the music was written by Dr. Selle, and that he was the conductor.

We preferred Dr. Selle's music to the declamation of the young gentleman who recited the greater part of the blank verse, and who became Mahmud, Hassan, the Phantom, and Ahasuerus in rapid succession. He possesses a marvellous memory; but it is one of those memories which retains the bulk of a passage with infinite trifling variations. We suppose that the Shelley Society does not hold itself responsible for the variations which its mouthpiece introduced into the text. He altered what we suppose to be

Shelley's language three or four times at least on every page, and more than one listener smiled to think what matchless opportunities the Society was giving for some scholiast of the future. The reciter declaimed well, if declamation of this artificial kind can ever be said to be well done; but he was not very happy in his rendering of those proper names in which Shelley, like Milton, delighted. For instance, when Hassan spoke of "Latmos, and Ampelos, and Phane," the reciter turned the last-named place into what sounded as just plain "Fanny."

From the point of view of one who wished to gain a fresh delight from the words of Shelley, Dr. Selle's music sometimes, as it appeared to us, interpreted, but too often only obscured, the text. This was particularly the case with the chorus "Worlds on worlds," which is not merely one of the most glorious passages in English poetry, but that on which the drama of *Hellas* turns, as on a pivot. Not only was this torn from its context without any explanation; but, with the book before us, and with the strictest attention given with both eye and ear, we found it impossible to follow the words. We lost even the distinction of the strophes, and when we thought that we were still under "the moon of Mahomet" we discovered, in a single lucid interval, that we had reached "the folding star of Bethlehem." We do not know what excuse a musician would make for this result, but we confess we fail to see how a literary Society can imagine that it aids in the interpretation of a poet. More serious were certain slips which showed that the composer had not followed Shelley's delicate rhythm with intelligence. In the setting of the four wonderful lines,

But Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea,
Of thought and its eternity,

the music obliged the chorus to sing the word "crystalline" with the accent strongly upon the first syllable, as in ordinary conversation. But it must be obvious to the least-trained ear that the whole march and splendour of sound depends on the accent being placed full upon the second syllable, as in a similar passage of Gray, and in accordance with the origin of the word. The composer may be excused for not knowing this, but the Shelley Society can scarcely be pardoned for allowing it to pass without comment.

When we add that for some inscrutable reason the text of *Hellas* was ruthlessly mangled, and that choral passages were taken from one part of the poet and stuck in at another, it will be admitted that the Shelley Society did all it possibly could to make its performance ridiculous. And yet so majestic is the poem, so lovely the interwoven harmonies of its lyrical passages, so varied and sonorous its long soliloquies of essentially undramatic blank verse, that it produced its effect upon us in spite of all the deficiencies of its performers. Had the Shelley Society taken pains to rehearse the music, had they supplied a variety of performers for the different parts, had they given a little thought to the requirements of their audience, and had they shown more respect for the text of their poet, the performance, which was almost a failure, might have been a notable success. The fault of Tuesday night's performance lay, not with Shelley, but with the Shelley Society. Their piece was ill rehearsed, its effects were insufficiently studied, and all that could be done to spoil *Hellas* was cheerfully effected. But a masterpiece of this kind survives the roughest treatment, and those who heard the performance went home forgetting the amateurs and their presumption, and remembering only the majesty of Shelley.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS.

THE country may have gained by electoral reform, but various interests have suffered severely. It is certain that we pay dearly for purity, and sundry sorts and conditions of men have sad reason to complain. Formerly the few contributed to the welfare of the many; and a General Election was a boon to all except the candidates who were to contest the seats. Money was set in free circulation from the highest down to the lowest. The nobles and great landowners who were branded as borough-mongers had an opportunity of replenishing the bankers' balances they had been draining for the benefit of trade. Bloated capitalists with a tendency to hoard were bled for the behoof of the needy community. The covetous were compelled to assume a virtue if they had it not; the grasping became generous, and the misers turned spendthrifts. The barriers of caste and class were broken down for the time, and the haughty candidate went hat in hand and cash in pocket to solicit the suffrages of the free and very independent. For in that golden age the limited franchise was a sure source of profit as well as a privilege; and healthy political interests were stimulated when each elector was entered for pecuniary stakes. In Hull, for example, which was a relatively extensive constituency, the regulation price of a vote was a couple of guineas, while twice as much was paid for a plumper. There was an honourable understanding that the debts should stand over till the last day when a bribery petition could be presented. Yet the electors of Hull might envy their neighbours in the smaller boroughs with only a few scores of freeholders, where occasionally the recognized tariff was 100/- per vote. In these the patriot deliberately weighed his decision while eloquent arguments were being urged alternately by the agents of the blue

and the yellow. He smoked and drank and discussed the questions of the day to a sonorous and seductive chink of guineas in the back parlour of the busy public-houses. As he staggered homewards, in a cloud of soothing tobacco, he was stealthily followed and accosted by smooth-spoken gentlemen with fair credentials in the shape of crisp bank-notes. He might treat, as he was being "treated," on liberal terms; or he might hold over his vote like a load of wheat or a pocket of hops in the hope of a fancy price in a tightened market. In the Ptolemaic prospect of the election he had "run ticks" with the shopkeepers, and he was bound in honour to liquidate his liabilities. His wife was flattered, his pretty daughters were kissed; there were showers of bonnets and ribbons and female finery, and, in short, there was a general carnival of jollity, charity, and good will.

In those good old days there was no precipitation; everything was done with due deliberation, and the Constitution, like the early Christians, considered the poor. To say nothing of the long preliminary canvassing, the polls were kept open for fourteen days in England, and not unfrequently for a couple of months or more in Ireland. Throughout that merry fortnight there was free drinking for all; the unemployed and impecunious found light and pleasant occupation in acting as paid agents and canvassers. For it was worth while securing the support even of non-electors; and when clamorous crowds were to congregate round the hustings, much depended on the show of hands and expressions of popular sympathy. Thus in a hot fight for some great county, wheeled carriages of all kinds were put in requisition to bring up outlying voters. Lord John Russell said in his famous Reform speech that the cost of an uncontested Yorkshire election averaged 150,000*l.*; and it was estimated that in the battle of 1817 the three parties had expended upwards of half a million. Everything was hired, from the mourning-coaches to the market-carts; even hearsears carried the living in place of the dead; and all the seats in the through stage-coaches were booked by contract for a term. As the nomination day drew near, and the contest grew more critical, it must have been delightful to admirers of our institutions to witness the exuberant enthusiasm. After weeks of hard drinking and hot debate the minds of the voters were warmed up to fever pitch. In the generous excitement, it must be confessed, that breaches of the peace were not infrequent; but that was only anticipating the ideal of our own times, which demands deep political conviction before all things. There would often be a fierce free-fight before the hustings, when, what with the beer and the bludgeons, the brick-bats and the brass bands, there would be breaking of heads and shivering of window-panes. Those outbreaks of popular sentiment were punctiliously disavowed from either side of the hustings; and yet there was something to be said for them. For if platform oratory went for anything, they were all in favour of tried politicians who had been trained to stand fire. The hero of half a hundred fights who had justified the confidence of his party could address himself collectively to the reporters, if not to the mob; while the novice with little nerve for his new vocation, stammered, hesitated, and lost his head under volleys of mud, eggs, and promiscuous missiles. The scene at the show of hands at the termination was exciting; but there was sure to be a veritably dramatic *dénouement* at the declaration of the poll. Then the pent-up feelings of the contending factions found vent, and the seething and shouting market-place became a political pandemonium. If the successful candidate chanced to be the unpopular one, he would prudently have retained a body-guard of pugilists, or surrounded himself with a sturdy volunteer corps of friendly farmers and yeomen. While ranged on the other side would be the gangs of roughs, primed in the public-houses and paid for the day, who were usually the friends of progress, peace, retrenchment, and purity. Veterans with nerves of iron, and ambitious lawyers with foreheads of brass, might delight in those great gladiatorial performances, and like them the better for the dash of danger. We believe that Brougham positively revelled in the battles he fought in Yorkshire. But our excellent Constitution, in its catholic tolerance, had considered the characters and feelings of more retiring men, who were modestly thoughtful of their own immediate concerns, and content to record their silent votes. They could always be returned for a close borough, if they were willing to pay the price or take the pledges. Needy proprietors of Parliamentary patronage, like Sir Pitt Crawley, sold a spare second seat without reserve, and so were some 1,500*l.* per annum in pocket; while wealthy peers who controlled a plurality of Parliamentary interests, like the Lonsdales, the Hertfords, the Newcastles, &c., nominated their candidates as tenants at will, with a sure and certain faith in an absolute identity of opinion. There were exceptions, when from party or personal motives the lords paramount of the Lilliputian Corporations "presented" some eminent politician who had been ousted elsewhere; but, as a rule, their representatives in the Commons were the echoes of their own voices in the Lords. Thus they had guarantees against the neglect of ungrateful Ministers, since, in the event of being forgotten for a vacant Garter or for a promised step in the peerage, they could sway the results on some critical division. And they could do a generous thing on occasion for an injured friend. Readers of *Pelham* will remember how the epicurean Lord Guloseton touched the heart of the cold and calculating hero by delicately placing half a dozen votes at his disposal when Pelham had been thrown over by his party. Yet, with all its obvious advantages, it must be confessed that there were points on which the old electoral *régime* was open to criticism. Tested by facts and statistics, objection might reasonably be taken to Gatton with its five constituents—Lord Monson, by the way, paid 100,000*l.* for

the borough shortly before its disfranchisement—to Buckingham and Malmesbury with thirteen, to Dunwich with eighteen, and Wareham with twenty-nine, each speaking with a double voice in the great National Council; while even in a University town like Oxford the constituency was limited to twenty "freemen," who took their opinions and orders from the Marquess of Hertford. Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester were still unrepresented, and there were fifteen small boroughs in Cornwall alone. It is much to the credit of the governing caste that when these inconsistencies were forced on the notice of Parliament it should have patriotically resigned itself to the inevitable. Even Lord Hertford wrote to Croker from his Parisian hermitage, previously to the passage of the Bill, that he would willingly sacrifice a part of his patronage to save the rest.

The passing of the Bill wrought wonderful changes. Though certain "safe" seats like Calne were providentially spared, there were wrecking and desolation in the South and South-West; while one of the most conspicuous effects of the measure was the curtailment of old privileges, with the restrictions it imposed on personal liberty. Previously, absentee members were nearly as common as absentee Irish landlords. Men who sat for themselves or had paid for their places felt that naturally they could do as they pleased with their own. They lived abroad if they liked, and made it matter of favour or bargain when they hurried home to be present at some vital division. Whereas nowadays each member is the slave of his constituents, and must turn night into day over intolerable drudgery which would revolt the most hardworking of hapless City clerks. But the Bill, being avowedly a popular measure, showed more consideration for the people than for members of the House. The enactments against bribery, bullying, and corruption were more honoured in the breach than the observance. And the most vivid sketches of our electoral manners and customs are to be found in the novels of the last generation. Perhaps the most faithful and finished picture is Warren's story of the fight for Yatton in his *Ten Thousand a Year*. Warren, no doubt, was a thoroughgoing Tory and a strong party man; yet he has scarcely overcoloured the actual facts. Tittlebat Titmouse was a typical candidate of a kind. With neither manners, education, nor brains, he had nothing to recommend him but his position as a large land-owner with commanding influence. As for Yatton, it was one of those boroughs betwixt and between the big and the very little, where there was just enough of local independence to make a contest tolerably hopeful under favourable conditions. There is Mr. Crafty, the famous electoral agent, sent down to act for Mr. Delamere, with instructions to do all that is possible, keeping within the spirit of the law. Naturally the disgusted agent, who is limited to legitimate outlay, asks himself why Mr. Delamere engaged his services at all. Nevertheless, he sets himself to earn his fees and save his credit by playing a game of brag and simulated bribery, with neither triumph nor money in his hand. Had he had *carte blanche* given him, he could have bought the electors "like a flock of sheep," and bought them without reasonable probability of detection. As it is, there is nothing for it but manœuvring; and he manœuvres with such Machiavellian astuteness that the Quaint Club, which holds the electoral balance, is kept in suspense till the last moment. Crafty only loses their collective support by a countertrick of his very capable antagonist. Then we have Judas McDoom, who sells his friends, with the evidence that should assure the success of a petition. We have one friend of Mr. Titmouse indiscreetly paying 5*l.* for a phenomenal cat warranted to wink simultaneously with both eyes; while Mr. Bloodsuck, the lawyer, gives a generous douceur to stop some boys who were in the habit of "taking sights" at him with their fingers at their noses. Next, in the way of coercion, we see Gammon at the polling-booth, grave and stern, noting down the names of the melancholy Yatton tenantry who had dared to stick to their principles and vote for Delamere; and tendering, by way of gratuitous and malicious insult, the bribery oath to the venerable vicar. The ballot may be a bad measure or a good one, but assuredly it relieved dependents from grave disabilities, and saved the farmer from the searching test which made eviction the penalty of having a conscience. As for the Lansmere election in *My Novel*, admirably described as it is in all its details, it rather illustrates electoral proceedings in their more ideal aspects. Personal influences are predominant, as ever, but on the whole it is a fair and open fight between Dick Avenel's interest in the rising town and the Lansmere influence in town and county. While in Lansmere, still half aristocratic, though partially democratized, we have the lingering traces of the former state of things, since Audley Egerton, having lost credit with the county and his great commercial constituency, comes to Lansmere as the nominee of his friend Lord L'Estrange. Dickens's elections in *Pickwick* and *Our Mutual Friend* are purely humorous, or rather bits of amusing buffoonery. Mr. Slumkey, at Eatanswill, kissing armfuls of newly-washed babies, is much on a par with Messrs. Boots and Brewer hurrying about West London in hansom cabs to bring in Veneering for his purchase of Pocket-breeches. But Thackeray, with his realistic observation of men and manners, has singularly happy touches in the election scenes at Ringwood and Newcome. Nothing can be more clever than the gallant old Tom Newcome, aristocrat and strict disciplinarian to the backbone, making promises he could not possibly keep and enunciating all manner of socialist and subversive opinions, which would have shocked his convictions had he ever considered them. "The black man," in the *Adventures of Philip*, in power of oratory and brain is the counterpart of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; and the fighting

costermonger parading his effigy as a man and a brother is a gem of practical and personal election humour. But all that fun, frolic, fighting, and secret financing will soon be but the melancholy memories of a half-forgotten past. Now the excitement is decentralized, as polling places have been multiplied; if drouthy souls get dry over discussions, they must quench their thirst at their own expense; the bars and tap-rooms are dull and deserted; the industrious unemployed seek occupation in vain; the very candidates must practise temperance in the hotels that are their headquarters, and look carefully to the totals of the bills; even their lawyers can only charge extraordinary trouble at ordinary rates, in the certainty that the accounts will be jealously scrutinized; while the nomination is by passionless signing of papers, and the "declaration," which was formerly so dramatic, is foredoomed to be dull as ditchwater. Sad, indeed, from the romantic point of view, are the changes from the times when hostile voters were ravished from their families and sent on cruises to sea; when the inn-cellars became places of temporary sequestration for the intoxicated; when linch-pins were tampered with and coaches upset to contract; and when the maimed and wounded, after the close of an agitating poll, filled half the beds in the local hospitals and infirmaries.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

A MISCELLANEOUS concert came last Saturday as an interlude in the performance of large single works. Its opening number, Mr. F. H. Cowen's Concert Overture in D, is a novelty of this year, and has never before been heard at the Crystal Palace. Conceived in his usual vein, it is nevertheless hardly so regularly tuneful as some of his former work. Yet one or two themes are striking and effective; that of the introduction, for instance, with its strongly-marked and powerful throbs of the whole orchestra, lacks neither impressiveness nor originality. The first subject of the quick movement is quite in Mr. Cowen's manner; it opens with a soft but decided melody which ends in a loud and agitated flutter of violins. A considerable development of this leads to a second subject not without a certain touch of that commonness of accent which is the defect attendant on Mr. Cowen's gift of easy tunefulness. One or two fiery passages and a pompous phrase of heavy chords bring us to a sort of episode formed from a chorale composed by H.R.H. the Prince Consort. In the ensuing treatment of all these different materials the most musicianlike work of the overture occurs. The return of the themes is well managed, and a particularly fine and forcible passage leads up to the reintroduction of the chorale. The second number, Wagner's "Prelude" to *Tristan und Isolde*, was also an addition to the Palace *répertoire*. Though it receives a broad and artistic rendering here, Wagner's work is not a strong point of the Crystal Palace concerts, and this piece was not played with the delicacy and nervous vigour shown in the performance of such work as Mendelssohn's Symphonies.

The Symphony on that occasion was Schumann's "Rhenish," No. 3, in E flat, incomparably his finest work of this kind. Though much of his grace and piquancy deserts him when he leaves out the solo instrument, and though he may be accounted the least of the great symphony-makers, yet the first and last movements of this noble work undoubtedly belong to the very highest order of inspiration. A spirit akin to Beethoven's has conceived the large, rolling majesty of the opening theme, the incessant activity of the subordinate phrases, and the sudden yet grandiose change which begins the second section of the first movement. Energy and an intelligent perception of contrast are qualities necessary to an efficient rendering of such music, and on last Saturday they were by no means wanting. Admirably broad, too, in execution was the superb re-entry of the themes on a triumphant tide of sound. Its ample majesty appeared particularly grateful to the ear after the complexities of a long "development" section. The "Molto Moderato," of scherzo-like character, in spite of much trumpeting, moves with more ease and tuneful lightness than the corresponding divisions of Schumann's other Symphonies. The lovely imitative passages with which it abounds were given with excellent clearness and precision. Then come two movements of a less engaging nature. An "Andante," mellow and quiet, forms, it is true, a perfect contrast to the rest of the work, but contains little variety within itself. The "Religioso," but for certain surprising effects, is heavy and dull, and we welcome with joy the noble vivacity of the "Finale," a movement which would of itself cause Schumann to be ranked amongst the great composers.

The soloists were doubtless in some measure responsible for the large attendance on Saturday. To hear Mr. Sims Reeves sing is still a lesson in taste and method, and a young native violinist may always make sure of a considerable share of interest. Mr. John Dunn is not very well known, it is true, but he did not, as was for some reason announced, make his first appearance here on Saturday, for we have heard him at the Palace within the last two years. His choice on this occasion was Gade's Concerto in D, a work never before given in England. The first movement is light and tripping in character, and Mr. Dunn rendered it with the delicacy and refinement of an artist. It perhaps gave him little opportunity to display any breadth of treatment or fulness of tone; but his playing seemed to lack incisiveness and force. We preferred the sentiment and expression with which he touched the suaver and more sing-

ing passages of the slow movement. The "Finale" seems jerky and hesitating in its melodies, instead of rapidly brilliant, as it was evidently intended to appear; and in it, as in the other movements, the instrumentation lacks effect and variety. Mr. Dunn might well have played broader and more pathetic music, and his choice of Ernst's "Fantasia" on themes from Rossini's *Otello* was not calculated to redeem the effect of the Concerto. It is quite a show-off piece, and he was tempted to exaggerate its defects by his style of bowing. For all that, he is a graceful and accomplished player; and, in spite of his occasional capriciousness, his expressive phrasing and delicate sentiment are of much promise. As for Mr. Sims Reeves, there is no change in the perfection of his method and the purity of his style. These naturally appeared to best advantage in Handel's "Waft her, angels," and "The Message," by Blumenthal.

The concert concluded with a spirited rendering of a pleasing selection from Godard's *suite "Scènes Poétiques"*. A work of considerable importance, Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ*, will be introduced for the first time at the Palace next Saturday.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

THE course of the money market during the past three weeks has been entirely different from what was generally anticipated. The usual autumnal outflow from the great financial centres to the provinces, together with the improvement in trade, the speculation that everywhere prevails upon the Bourses of Europe and America, and the apprehension of war, created a very general impression that the rates paid for the use of capital in the short-loan market would continue to rise. As a matter of fact there has been a fall ever since the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to four per cent. This is accounted for mainly by the fact that the improvement in trade, though real, is very slow and gradual. It has not yet led to such an increase in the wages paid to the working classes as would necessitate a considerable addition to the coin circulation of the country, much less has it produced any great manufacture of bills. A few months ago the hopeful tone of all the leading trades made people suppose that the improvement was making more rapid progress than was actually the case. It is clear now that the money market is not being affected to any considerable extent by the trade revival. Even in the United States, where the improvement is more rapid and more decided than in Europe, the outflow of cash from New York to the interior has never been sufficiently great to deprive the Associated Banks of all surplus reserve, and, therefore, has not caused the large drain of gold from Europe to New York that was anticipated. A second cause that has led to the quieter money market is to be found in the dying away of the wild speculation that prevailed so lately. More particularly in American railroad securities and in mining Companies' shares was that speculation passing all bounds. It has, however, received a check. The speculators without means of paying for what they had bought have gradually sold out, and now, while the speculation is certainly less than it was, it is being conducted by operators of larger financial means. A third cause is to be found in the more hopeful view now taken of the political complications in South-Eastern Europe. In all the great financial centres of Europe it is generally believed that peace will be preserved; at any rate there is little doubt that peace will be preserved until the spring. But, if war does not break out, the probability is that there will be no panic upon the Berlin Bourse, and no crash, therefore, such as would disturb all the money markets. Lastly, the Bank of France has not succeeded in preventing gold from being withdrawn from France. A little while ago it seemed as if the Directors of the Bank of France had made up their minds on no account to part with the vast accumulation of gold which they had made at considerable cost during the past three or four years. When, therefore, a demand for gold sprang up in New York, it was feared that the metal would be taken from London; and, the stock of the metal held by the Bank of England being very small, the natural inference was that the effect upon the London money market would be very great. As a matter of fact, very little gold has been taken from London, while most of the American demand has been satisfied by withdrawals from Paris. The stock of gold held by the Bank of France has steadily decreased week after week for some time past, and the exports of the metal are still going on. This diversion of the American demand from London, where it could not be satisfied without serious inconvenience, to Paris, where it can be satisfied without any such inconvenience, has assured the market, and led to the change which has surprised most observers.

Unfortunately, as soon as the fear that the rates of interest and discount would become exorbitant passed away, the banks and discount-houses and discount-brokers began to compete wildly with one another, the result being that rates have been steadily declining for the past three weeks. The official minimum rate of discount of the Bank of England is four per cent.; but this week three-month's bills have been discounted in the open market at three per cent. and even lower. The rate of discount in the open market, that is, is fully a fourth less than the rate of discount at the Bank of England, and consequently the Bank of England rate is quite inoperative, and the Bank has failed to attain the end for which it raised its rate. Already, therefore, reports are circulating

that gold is likely to be shipped to New York in considerable amounts. At the present rate of exchange between London and New York it does not pay to withdraw gold from the Bank of England for the purpose of shipment, but it does pay to buy gold in the open market; and, as a fact, it is reported that this week gold about to arrive has been bought for export to New York. Further, it is said that a considerable amount of gold is to be exported to Buenos Ayres. The premium on gold in Buenos Ayres has fluctuated very widely for the past few months. Since the Presidential election has been determined and political quiet has been restored there has been a general downward tendency, but with frequent reactions. Our readers will recollect that a large loan was raised here for the purpose of enabling the Government to repay its debt to the banks with a view to enable those latter to resume specie payments, and in expectation of the resumption the premium on gold began to decline. It fell rapidly at first from about 56 per cent. to about 10 per cent. Quite recently, however, it rose again from 10 per cent. to 32 per cent.; but now once more it is tending downwards. The recent rise made it profitable to export gold, and preparations, we understand, have been made to ship a considerable amount. The shipments to Buenos Ayres, however, though they may be considerable in amount, do not alarm the City like shipments to New York; for the latter sometimes assume such immense proportions that no one knows how great the strain upon the Bank of England stock may be, and how serious, therefore, may be the disturbance of the money market. The rumour, consequently, that gold had been bought for export to New York is much more serious than that of the preparations made for shipment to Buenos Ayres. If the New York sterling exchange were to go on rising it is inevitable that gold would be withdrawn from the Bank for shipment, and, similarly, every fall in the rate of discount in the open market of London makes more probable shipments of gold to New York. Our readers will understand that, besides the export of gold for the purpose of paying debt that cannot otherwise be more conveniently settled, there are exports made by great financial houses for the express purpose of profiting thereby. A house in the trade discounts a bill, and with the proceeds of the discount it buys gold. The lower, therefore, the bill can be discounted, the cheaper the gold can be bought; and, consequently, every decline in the discount rate in the open market makes more probable gold shipments. It is unfortunate that the brokers and discount-houses and banks, which together compose the outside market, do not recognize their duty to the public in this matter. They leave to the Bank of England the cost and anxiety of protecting the banking reserve, which is quite as much their reserve as that of the Bank; and when the Bank makes an effort they refuse to support it by the reasonable self-sacrifice prudent men in their own interest ought always to be ready to make.

The rate of exchange between New York and London, as we observed above, does not admit of gold shipments just at present; but at any moment exchange may advance sufficiently to make a drain inevitable. In the United States there are two autumnal outflows of money from New York to the interior. The first is caused by the harvesting of the wheat and other corn crops, and the second is caused by the harvesting of the cotton crop. The harvesting of the cotton crop is now about to begin, and it may occasion so great an outflow of money as may lead to a strong demand for gold from Europe. Trade is steadily improving in the United States, and with this improvement there is required a larger circulation of all kinds of money. At the same time speculation is rampant. And, lastly, the large redemption of debt that is going on by the Government is causing a lock-up of money. When the Government pays off debt, the bonds called in are found usually to be held by bankers as a security for their circulation; but the bank-notes themselves are in the hands of the public, and cannot be obtained by the banks to be surrendered. The banks, in consequence of having lost the right of issuing these notes, are obliged to lodge in the Treasury their full nominal value, either in coin or in greenbacks. It is true that the notes remain out in circulation; but the notes may possibly have gone into remote parts of the country, while the coin and greenbacks are taken from towns. Altogether, then, the tendency in the United States is at the present moment towards dear money, and the rates of interest and discount have, as a matter of fact, been very high since the middle of August. Just now the harvesting and marketing of the cotton crop will create a fresh demand for money, and the result may be such an outflow from New York as will lead to a strong demand for gold from Europe. If at the same time the rates of interest and discount in London continue to decline, or even remain as low as they are at present, the demand for gold may become very large, and the market may suddenly be alarmed by shipments on such a scale as will seriously diminish the Bank of England's reserve. This is the main danger of the situation at present. We may assume, we hope, that in the middle of winter the Czar will not be inhuman enough to begin a great war, or even that he will not engage in such measures as would alarm the Stock Exchanges and money markets, and cause a sudden rise in the value of money. If, then, the political situation does not grow more serious, there is no cause for a considerable rise in the value of money, unless a demand should spring up in the United States for gold, which would immediately compel the Bank of England to take measures for protecting its stock of the metal, would alarm the banks and discount-houses, and compel them also to assist the Bank in its efforts to protect the reserve.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

WE have already mentioned that the French Gallery in Pall Mall, which once deserved that title, was rapidly becoming anything but French. Of this it is perhaps hardly just to complain. There is not an unlimited supply of the best works of any school, and to import shoddy imitations when the seed of good principles is just pushing up a crop of original effort in our own country is worse than useless. New men, it is true, exhibit here; but most of them, if not French, are foreigners, and the gallery shows little tendency to become English. Yet we believe that the traditions of the great French art of 1830, which have been so fully exemplified on these walls, operate nowhere more vitally than among Anglo-Saxon painters. English artists, we feel sure, had no objection to make way for the great masters who could teach them something. Are they, however, content to see them succeeded by men of little originality or earnestness to whom they must feel themselves superior? Therefore we cannot quite acquit Mr. Wallis any more than most dealers of neglecting to encourage young artists of this country. Not to speak of the work of the large coterie who exhibit at the Marlborough Gallery, we rarely, if ever, see in dealers' exhibitions examples of many other men whose pictures strike us with admiration in open exhibitions. Amongst young artists such as Messrs. Leslie Thomson, J. M. Swan, G. F. Murin, Arthur Lemon, Aubrey Hunt, F. Hind, and ever so many more, there is enough variety of style to choose from. Surely sound and thorough technique, masterly audacity, or a quaint and personal vein of originality might be as easily pushed among the public as clever foreign *pastiche*s and feats of mechanical handling? This said, we are glad to be able to state that the French Gallery maintains a somewhat higher level than similar exhibitions, and that this particular show contains several things well worth study. The highest technical quality is probably attained in Duez's "News from the Front" (23), and the picture is interesting in view of the powerful influence which this artist has exercised on the modern open-air schools and on the cultivators of the square broad touch. This system of handling is hinted at, rather than pushed to exaggeration, in the present picture; but a glance at the refined yet solid sky and the aerial and creamy distance will reveal both the breadth of the execution and the admirable truth of the values. Three large canvases occupy centres—a Salon picture by Pierre Billet, "Les Glaneuses" (68), more cut up by gay colour than his best work; a Bouguereau of the good sort, "This sickness is not unto death" (102), in which only an occasional hardness marks the effect of the fine drawing and general mellowness; and "Philippina Welser pleading to the Emperor Ferdinand the First" (42), by a quite young artist, A. Delug. This picture is well and effectively arranged, and is evidently the outcome of thoughtful consideration and conscientious study. D. Laugée's "Pour la Soupe" (48), another Salon picture, would be better with less in it, and with a simpler foreground. Heffner has a couple of works, both somewhat small and trivial in workmanship. In "The Downs, Prerow" (25), however, he has made an important step in choosing a new subject and in treating it with complete sincerity. As to his imitators, of whom there are too many, the less said of them the better. Very elaborate work of high but artistic finish comes from Seiler and Bertzik in oils, and from V. Chevilliard in water colours. Charming open-air notes are sent by L. C. Muller and A. Charnay. Munthe, Gegerfelt, and Windmaier contribute remarkably well-handled snow-scenes; the most truthfully and strongly realized of these is without question Windmaier's "Winter Drear" (101). Bochman, Velten, Kühl, and Crosio, with different degrees of success, practice an art that depends upon good drawing and agreeably decorative schemes of colour. Mr. W. H. Bartlett was a young artist of excellent promise; but his "Fishermen on the Lido" (113) shows that he is in danger of substituting a camera for his brain. Broad landscapes by G. Garraud, Weishaupt, and G. Oeder should be noticed, as well as "Primulas and Violets" (90), by Miss Ada Bell.

Messrs. Vokins have got up for the first time an exhibition of Copley Fielding's water colours. It is both encouraging and discouraging to see how much art, and especially this branch of it, depends upon technique and a legitimate use of the material. Discouraging because for many years Englishmen have neglected the true decorative beauties of art in favour of photographic or scientific realism, and literary or symbolic fancifulness; encouraging because of late the turn of the tide has become plainly manifest. Copley Fielding, who always searched for the qualities proper to water colour, and who was almost perfect in his technical management of the wash, contrives to make even base imitations of Turner like 57 and falsely brown and conventional landscapes like "Loch Katrine" (18) agreeable and even interesting. His skies are especially luminous and opalescent, and examples are so abundant that it becomes unnecessary to quote. "Vessels in a stiff Breeze off Calshot Castle" (6), like many others to be seen here, follows a convention adapted probably from the Dutch, and still utilized somewhat timidly by modern painters. Late in life Copley Fielding sometimes attempted, certainly without advantage, the crowded composition and emphasized local colouring of modern realism.

Messrs. Liberty's largeshow of ancient and modern embroidery and Eastern needlework, in connexion with the "Turkish Compassionate Fund," certainly deserves a place among art exhibitions. A curious labyrinth of staircases, rooms, and passages is got up with

tasteful gorgeousness, and the attendants are becomingly dressed in all kinds of Oriental female attire. The modern work by the refugees at Constantinople is chiefly in blue silk and untarnishable gold, and its excessive delicacy fits it for table-covers, panels, and trimmings of dresses. Though also of Turkish make, 92 is broader and stronger in pattern, and perhaps more suitable for *portières* or screens. Of Japanese and Chinese embroidery there is an immense choice. "The Ship of Good Luck" (83), in rich but harmonious red and gold, well illustrates the feeling for decoration innate in the Japanese mind. A Daimio's Coat (17), antique Japanese, is a still more marvellous blaze of splendour. Nos. 35, 33, and 22 also merit attention. Some of the Chinese temple hangings, such as 43, blue and gold, and 65, woven in gold thread, are among the most really artistic things in the whole show. Nevertheless, it would be a difficult task to choose between them and the old Spanish and Portuguese coverlets, one of which (8) dates from the fifteenth century. Another, a Portuguese one (9), owes much of its curious effect to the exposure of the wool foundation, from which the silk has worn away. The delicate faded yellow tones of many of these are preferable to the celebrated Chinese yellow, which seems to have rather a greenish tinge. Upstairs are new designs for dresses; "Yedo" (106), with Japanese embroidery in green and gold, and "Veronese" (110), in Shanghai silk, struck us as the most effective.

THE THEATRES.

IN calling his adaptation of *Sullivan* by the title of *David Garrick* the late Mr. T. W. Robertson was ill advised. There was, indeed, a considerable spice of romance about the great actor's marriage, but he did not marry the daughter of a City magnate. The story of his attachment to Lady Burlington's *protégée*, the beautiful Viennese dancer, and the announcement in the papers of June 22, 1749, in the list of marriages, of "David Garrick, Esq., to Mademoiselle Eva Maria Violetta," are familiar to all students of dramatic affairs; and when we see the famous manager of Drury Lane as he is shown in this play, we cannot divest ourselves of the recollection that the legend is false. No good object is gained by representing David Garrick as the hero of an adventure which never befell him, ending in his union with a girl to whom we know that he was never united. The play, however, is called *David Garrick*, and under that title it must be considered. On the French and German stages many versions of the story are popular. The heroine's father, whom Mr. Robertson calls Simon Ingot and describes as a Director of the East India Company, is frequently made into a baronet. In one of these plays the girl is taken to see the object of her adoration as Abel Drugger, and is thereby disenchanted, so different is he from the Romeo of her dreams; in another version he does duty as a doctor and simulates intoxication, as in the English play; but the foundation of all the pieces is much the same. The part is likely to tempt an actor who perceives the opportunities for effect and does not perhaps quite correctly estimate his capacity to seize them; still there is something so vulgar in the wild buffoonery by which in his fit of pretended drunkenness Garrick seeks to disillusionize the merchant's daughter, that the work must of necessity have its unpleasing side. This, as readers will doubtless remember, is the chief incident of the comedy. Ada Ingot has fallen in love with Garrick. He has learnt to love the girl whose enraptured face as she watched his Romeo has given fervour and passion to his words; but he nevertheless takes upon himself—in very much too light-hearted a manner as Mr. Charles Wyndham interprets the part—to cure her fancy. He comes to dine at Ingot's house, where he meets guests of a class that one would not have expected to find at the table of a man of Ingot's position. Here, to disgust his host's daughter, he exhibits himself in the fantastic aberrations of drunkenness, and this Mr. Wyndham does cleverly enough; but in the very tempest and torrent of the recklessness which the wine appears to have produced the thought "how she must despise me!" is ever present in Garrick's mind, and at times finds utterance. Here Mr. Wyndham is not convincing. He is most obviously acting when he is endeavouring to be sincere. There is no touch of true feeling in the words which distress is supposed to wring from him, or in his replies to Ingot's congratulations on the splendid way in which he is playing his part. The last act of the play is so artificially contrived that illusion could only be secured by acting of the utmost sincerity. There is too much of the hiding and overhearing which are among the most familiar tricks of the playwright who cannot be quite esteemed a dramatist. Ada visits Garrick's house, hides behind the window-curtains, and hears her cousin, Squire Chivey, for whom her father destines her, make confessions which prove his unworthiness; later on Ingot enters unperceived, stands at the top of the short flight of steps which lead down to Garrick's study, and there overhears the player's somewhat didactic address on the blessings which descend upon obedient children. So far as we can remember the play when it was acted at the Haymarket, more than twenty years since, we fancy that a good deal of the dialogue has been rewritten, and some attention might well have been bestowed upon this scene. We cannot dispel the impression that these unimpeachable sentiments are intended rather for Ingot than for his daughter. In the writing this scene appears to be overdone, though we do not know how it would strike us if the Garrick imparted more warmth of passion to it than Mr. Wyndham is able to

exhibit. We are induced to doubt the extent of his affection for the girl; in fact, the actor does not deal adequately with the situation. The broad outlines of the character, such as Horace demands—"Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu"—he traces well enough; the subtleties of his art he does not command. The accents of sincerity cannot be detected in the voice of this Garrick; we are driven to wonder how, when Ada Ingot saw him on the stage, his words were instinct with the tenderness which so completely won her heart. This is an inevitable drawback to the assumption of the part of Garrick by one whom we feel to be so much less than Garrick, and furnishes another reason why the adapter was unwise to call his piece by the name of the great actor whose dust lies in Westminster Abbey. Delicacy and grace distinguish the Ada Ingot of Miss Mary Moore; but to the stronger scenes of the play she is not able to do justice. Her dismissal of Garrick after his vagaries have become intolerable has not even the girlish dignity which should mark the incident. Inexperience betrayed itself in more than one place where it depended upon the heroine whether effect were strengthened or weakened. To underact, however, is better than to overact, and the young actress displays good qualities. Mr. David James represents Simon Ingot. Mr. James is an exponent of that variety of the art which is professionally described as low comedy; but Ingot is not a low-comedy part. The actor shows much discrimination in making no effort to gain laughter which does not properly spring from the character. For this judicious reticence, rarely found in the low comedian, Mr. James is to be very highly commended. If anything, Ingot is a little too tamely shown. When Squire Chivey, by means of what he considers an interesting anecdote, is revealing to Ada the true story of the dinner scene, Ingot remains too impassive. The girl, of course, must not see that he is striving to check her cousin's loquacity; but, as the episode is managed, Ingot too placidly permits the revelation. Mr. Giddens, who does much excellent work in an unobtrusive manner, plays the part of Chivey with humour and just apprehension of what is required.

At the Lyceum Mr. Irving has added the episode of the Witches' Kitchen to his version of *Faust*. The student of Goethe who looks for a faithful transcription will find that some confusion still exists; for the incidents of the scene which should take place in Auerbach's Cellar are still made to occur in the open air before the tavern-door in the St. Lorenz Platz, and the Kitchen precedes what should be the Cellar scene. Mr. Wills has, however, dealt, on the whole, faithfully with the great original. One of the daily papers has stated that he makes use of Bayard Taylor's lines, and Mr. Wills writes to deny the imputation that he has borrowed anything from any translator. Many of the lines in this scene do bear the closest resemblance to the translations of Bayard Taylor, Miss Anna Swanwick, and others, for the reason that they have transcribed literally. The diabolical humour of Mephistopheles, the side of the fiend's character which he has emphasized elsewhere, Mr. Wills has made prominent here—to what extent he may wisely claim credit for original lines, as he seeks to do, is very doubtful. The "business" of the Kitchen is followed from the book.

On Wednesday (the 17th) a performance for the benefit of the St. Vincent Hurricane Fund took place at the Novelty Theatre. It would be unfair to judge of Mr. Richard Davey's new play, *Paul and Virginia*, from the very incomplete interpretation it received at the hands of a scratch company brought together under difficulties. One or two of them, indeed, made a first appearance on the stage, and Miss Grace Hawthorne, the lady who filled the title rôle, accepted her heavy part only a week ago. Nevertheless, we feel tolerably sure that Mr. Davey would do well to shorten his play before it is seen again. The first three acts on the island especially should be partially remodelled and stripped of some redundant matter which interferes with the directness of the action. At present dramatic movement is obscured by too full a rendering of the circumstances of the family life as it is depicted in the original story. There is the more reason to remedy this error as the play contains many good ideas and some effective situations. Had the fourth act been more brightly played, it would doubtless have appeared sufficiently concise. It is only fair to say that this, unquestionably the best part of the drama, is supposed to take place in Paris at the Princess de Bouillon's house, and that here the author is therefore but little indebted to *Bernardin de St.-Pierre*. The fifth act left us in a pleasing uncertainty as to the fate of the heroine; the author, however, informed us that the size of the stage had interfered with the rendering of his text in full. The pupils of the Royal College of Music served as orchestra, and rendered a good selection of music with excellent taste and spirit. A "Rigodon," by Rameau, well suited to the time and occasion of the fourth act, was sprightly enough, with all its quaint stateliness, to make us wonder that such music is not more generally heard.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL'S reputation as a conductor is not of yesterday, although he has hitherto been less known to London audiences in this capacity than as a singer. He may be congratulated upon having got together an efficient and well-trained band, thoroughly under his command, and showing none of those traces of insufficient rehearsal which are too often to be met with in

English audiences. The first number in a wisely arranged programme was the Overture to *The Magic Flute*, which served to display the admirable attack of the orchestra, and also laid bare a fault which we trust may be soon remedied—the exceedingly harsh and unpleasant quality of the trombones, which had a disastrous effect more than once during the concert. Beethoven's Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello in C (Op. 56), which is very rarely heard, and may be almost considered as an accident in the composer's career, followed, and gave conclusive proof of the extreme care which has been bestowed by Mr. Henschel on his new enterprise. The playing of Mme. Haas, Mr. Richard Gompertz, and Signor Patti powerfully contributed to a successful and appreciative rendering of this beautiful work. Mr. Richard Gompertz may be particularly congratulated on the richness of his tone and his thorough and artistic playing. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Henschel will continue in the path in which he has made so excellent a beginning, and give London audiences the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with works which, in spite of their great and numerous beauties, have fallen into unintelligent neglect. Brahms's Second Symphony, in D, was also well rendered, especially the last movement, in which Mr. Henschel fired his orchestra with a catching enthusiasm. We may take exception, however, to his reading of the Allegretto, which seems rather small and prosaic by the side of Dr. Richter's rendering, with which it distinctly challenges comparison. His interpretation of the "Charfreitags-Zauber," from *Parsifal*, shows that we have at last what has been sorely needed—a conductor resident in England who is capable of affording us a considerate and artistic hearing of Wagner's scores. If we have any exception to take to the way in which the "Good Friday" music was dealt with last night, it must be that Mr. Henschel took it too fast, and that it was throughout rather wanting in the feeling of breadth and mystery. Mr. Charles Kaiser cannot be altogether commended for his singing of the celebrated tenor air from *Iphigenia*, but much allowance must be made for nervousness incident to a first appearance before a strange audience. The concert was brought to a close with Mr. Mackenzie's bright and well-orchestrated Prelude to the third act of *The Troubadour*. In conclusion, we can in all sincerity wish every success to Mr. Henschel, who is supplying a want which has been long felt in London.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF SELKIRKSHIRE.*

THREE could hardly be a better subject for a county historian than the Forest of Ettrick, and the topic has fallen into excellent hands. Mr. Craig Brown, a native of Selkirk, has apparently given the leisure of many years to the composition of his pair of quarto volumes, one containing a history of the county, the other of the town of Selkirk. Though they lie in the very centre of southern Scotland, though the town was, before the time of steam, remote from the great towns, and though the Forest has always been and must be pastoral and solitary in its grassy heights, yet a good deal of history has been made in Selkirkshire. The story of the town, again, is quite a typical record of a small ancient burgh, at first, probably, a mere collection of shielings, then dignified, first by an abbey, next by a peel or castle, next by connexion with Sir Walter Scott, and, lastly, waxing into a manufacturing centre.

These two subjects, town and country, Mr. Brown handles with very great industry, with the ardour of local patriotism, tempered by a judicious scepticism. His research has been unsparing. Exchequer rolls, Kirk Sessions records, reports of trials and judicial proceedings, the treasures of the Thirlstane charter chest, legend, tradition, "the oldest inhabitant," and apparently every other available source, have been minutely examined. The copies and reproductions of old deeds are capital, and the drawings by Mr. Thomas Scott are plain, but clear and sufficient. The photographic illustrations do not look like being very permanent; but there is no other drawback in the material aspect of this desirable book.

It is not possible within the limits of a review to tell all Mr. Craig Brown's tale in short, but we may touch on the more important moments in the history of the Forest. Naturally much of the interest of the book is local. Natives of the county cannot but take pleasure, for example, in tracing far into the middle ages the local names of lairdship, farms, fields, and streams, and the titles of the long-descended lairds, Scotts, and Pringles. Even the burghs families of the town are not neglected, and the Douglasses, Hendersons, Brydones, and others may please themselves by contemplating their ancient and honourable *rotura*. But students who have not the privilege of being familiar with every wood and meadow and hillside will find that, on the whole, the history of the Forest may be summed up thus:—Written records take us back as far as the end of the first thousand years of our era. Behind that we have only archaeology, the study of local names, and a few vague traditions to guide us. Mr. Craig Brown is wholly free from the crotchets of the local antiquarian, and, where little can be known, he does not profess to know much. He declines to follow the

wandering trail of the Picts, and will not decide whether Agricola found Celts or Teutons on the Border. The local names demonstrate beyond doubt that Celts, at all events, had long dwelt in the Forest. Yarrow is derived by Mr. Craig Brown from *Garu* (Gaelic *Garbh*, "rough"—compare *Garry*). Whether this be correct or not—and Yarrow is not a "rough" stream—it is certain that river names of similar sound are scattered all over the world, from the Australian Yarra Yarra to the stream of Jardanus. *Glens* and *cairns* are common in the Forest, and nearly all the remoter hills, up the Meggat, for example, and round St. Mary's Loch, bear Celtic names. On this point Mr. Brown might have written more at length, for the contrast between the Gaelic hill and stream names and the English names of farms and estates—"Broad Meadows," "Hanging Shaw," "Bow Hill," and the rest—is curious and interesting.

The Forest has very few traces of a Roman occupation. There are said to be signs of terraces, "such as are actually cultivated by spade to this day in Italy." But they are also actually cultivated to this day in New Caledonia, and the terraces of Oakwood, if terraces they be, may be older than the time of the Romans. Mr. Craig Brown writes, "The sunny slope of Oakwood Mill may well have been one of the places where grain was reared to feed the Twentieth Legion in its camp under the shadow of the Eildons." Here, at all events, lived Michael Scott, when he was at feud with the witch of Fauldhouse, on the other side of the water. As to the Arthurian battles that "thundered in and out the shadowy skirts" of the Forest, Mr. Craig Brown quotes the notions of Mr. Skene and Professor Veitch, but, for his own part, wisely puts the question by. "It can never be cleared up." But he thinks that the origin and purpose of that mysterious great ditch, the Catrail, can be cleared up. The Catrail is so much rubbed down and worn away that we doubt whether even an archaeologist could find its traces, if left to hunt for them on the hills without a guide. But the historian of the Forest has carefully tracked the ditch that cuts Selkirkshire in two, extending for about fifty miles from the skirts of Midlothian to the English Border. Mr. Craig Brown finds the first surviving traces of the Catrail two miles north of Galashiels, on the hill of Tornwoodlee. It loses itself in the Galloway road after a long journey across hillside and hollow, through the lonely lands about Buccleugh and Clearburn Loch. Just before it vanishes, it is crossed by the Roman Road running north. Mr. Craig Brown points out that the Catrail is marked along its course by ancient torts, such as the remarkable camp on Rink (Ring?), above the Tweed, opposite Sunderland Hall. His conclusion is that the Catrail was not a defensive dyke nor boundary, but an old strategic road, probably constructed by the partly "Romanized Britons" during the years of Saxon invasion. He thinks that the camps, like Rink (and here Sir Walter Scott agreed with him), are older than the Catrail, and that the Catrail was a path meant to connect them. As to the origin of Catrail, and of *Cat* in many local names—Catslack, Caddon, Cat Holes, Catlee—Mr. Craig Brown hints that the word *cat* or *cad*, "Cymric for battle or conflict," may be present in all of them. But this is merely a suggestion; and, for our own part, we think Catlee was named in the same way as Wolflee. Wild cats and wolves must have been common enough in the Forest. On the other hand, there are remains of many slain men between Cat Craig and Cat Slack on Yarrow. It is difficult to be much interested in such old unhappy things; but Mr. Craig Brown warns us to his subject when he comes on the remains of a stronghold of Sir William Wallace—a trench "running from Minchmoor Road to the top of Brown Knowe," and cutting through the Catrail. Cressingham alludes to this work in a letter written at Berwick, July 23, 1297:—"Guillaume giseit a graunt compagnie aduncks, e uncor fet, ena Forest de Selechirche, com cely qe se tent contre vostre pes." The Selkirk men shot a good shaft at Falkirk, *viri sagittarii de foresta de Selkyrke*. But the Forest was an ill place to dwell in during the days of Wallace and Bruce, as the inhabitants were not all of one mind, and some held for the Scotch, some for the English. In 1306 a charter of the Forest and Castle was given to Aymer de Valence, but he got little joy of it. Probably the old family name of Aimers, millwrights, whose original workshop may be "a survival from the time when the King's artillery was sent to Galashiels for oak fittings, from the Forest," has nothing to do with Aymer de Valence. Mr. Craig Brown certainly does not make the tempting conjecture. The history of the Forest after Wallace's wars is a long record of burning and being burnt, of raiding, reiving and rescuing, and, above all, of the decline of the Douglasses and the supremacy of the Scotts. Another point of interest is the dying out of the deer, as complained of by Queen Mary, who got little sport even in the wilds between Meggat and Tala and Loch Skene. The battle of Philiphaugh, a confused dim affair, is well and cautiously treated by Mr. Craig Brown, who is fortunate enough to possess a serviceable sword left in a cottage by an officer of Montrose's little army.

Philiphaugh, a temptingly open spot, was probably the scene of an older battle. Since Montrose fled over Minchmuir powder has not been burned in anger in the Forest—unless, perhaps, in Claverhouse's days. The Highland army marched through peacefully in the Forty-five, but Mr. Craig Brown has a local legend of a townsman who defeated a marauding gillie.

Mr. Brown's volume on the town is, perhaps, mainly of local interest. Without maps and plans it would be hard to discuss the original site of the old town; perhaps the river courses have altered so much that it is not to be found at all, or only by digging.

* *History of Selkirkshire; or, Chronicles of the Forest.* By T. Craig Brown. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1886.

A local legend declares that the ancient town, before the Abbey which was soon transferred to Kelso, is at the bottom of a loch—the Haining Loch. More probably it was near the junction of Ettrick and Yarrow. However, Selkirk was allowed to be an “old town” by David I., the founder of the Abbey (1119-24)—the Abbey which could not flourish in the inclement air. Selkirk was constantly burned by the English, and the records only become available after 1500. Flodden is the great incident in the town’s history; but Mr. Craig Brown assails, and we fear destroys, the legend that the flag called “old Flodden” was captured on that field by the burghs. The myth that the town’s arms were taken from the finding of a living babe and a dead mother in these distressful days is merely etiological. The arms are those of the Abbey seal, and represent the Virgin and Child. The source of the myths is not older than 1722, a narrative by one Hodge, an inventive or credulous person. But Mr. Craig Brown admits that the sword of the old civic family of Brydone may very probably have cleft crowns at Flodden. It bears the honoured name of Andrea on the blade. The more interesting parts of the second volume deal with the freaks of the French prisoners, with the development of the manufactures, with anecdotes of Scott, with tales of old duels, like the famous Raeburn duel caused by the mark of teeth on the thumb of Raeburn’s glove after a drinking bout. There is a touching story of how, years after the erection of the statue of Scott, his old piper played the dead sheriff’s favourite tune round the monument, but faltered at last and sat down weeping. The Psychical Society should be grateful to Mr. Craig Brown for his legend of the ghost and the shoemaker who made the ghost’s hell-shoon (ii. 234). The “souter” afterwards stole the corpse’s shoes, and was torn limb from limb by the infuriated dead. Of local remains of antiquity in the town Mr. Craig Brown has not very much to say. The place was burned periodically, and no one preserved the queer old paintings of the church gallery, which went to patch pigsties. Old sculptured stones are rare, and, like other ancient Scotch burghs, Selkirk looks like a place of yesterday. How very false this impression is, readers of this excellent and scholarly history will learn. Nothing is neglected, and nothing is dwelt on at disproportionate length, considering the nature and aims of the book, though aliens born in other counties may perhaps not feel an equal interest in all parts of the work. Mr. Craig Brown speaks of his volumes as “a more or less careful compilation by a man of business.” From a professional historian we certainly would have required a more complete and scientific account of the part played by the Forest in the general history of England and Scotland, and in relation to the various apportionments of the various ancient kingdoms. But in other respects the book resembles the writing of a man of letters rather than of an amateur, and no one should think worse of Mr. Craig Brown for saying little on points of Celtic and Roman antiquity where he seems conscious of not knowing very much. He has succeeded in doing what he intended to do, and the task required an infinity of pains and patience.

BEES.*

“OUR title,” says the author of *Bees and Bee-keeping*, “is a compound one, and our treatment of it shall be complex.” It is, indeed! Nevertheless, for a book that professes to be scientific, and has “scientific” written four times on its cover, as if to warn off the frivolous, it is lighter and easier reading than might be expected. It certainly contains plenty of long words; but it is rather to its pompous jokes than to its terminology that we are disposed to take exception. Scientific lecturers are apt to acquire a trick of elephantine gambolling, which they imagine to be entertaining to their audience, whereas the actual result is mingled feebleness and priggishness. The following passage on the sting of the bee may serve to illustrate our meaning:—

But few of those interested in these pages have not, in times gone by, tasted of the potency of the instrument now to occupy us, and the remembrance of its stimulating efficacy, apparently so out of proportion to its size, may quicken our interest as we investigate its structure, which we shall find as complex and remarkable, and equally as suited to its purpose, as those that have already come before us.

Having thus relieved our feelings, we may proceed to say that this is a very interesting book. To begin with, the illustrations are admirable. They are clear, accurate, easy to understand, and devoid of that complexity which the author promises us in his introduction and gives us in much of his letterpress. The drawings of the nerves of bees are enough to prevent the most hard-hearted from ever “squashing” a bee again; the diagrams of their stings will make timid people more afraid of them than ever; and the sections of their interiors are not unlikely to cause the fastidious to forswear honey for the rest of their lives.

Most insects breathe through what may be termed (if Mr. Cheshire will pardon us for using such unscientific language) little holes in different parts of their bodies—spiracles is the technical name—and they lead to air-sacs, which divide and subdivide into countless tubes, reminding one of roots with thousands of ramifications. It requires some skill to find these trachea with a

microscope; but, when discovered under a lens magnifying fifty times, they amply repay the trouble of the investigator. There is a very good diagram of these, as well as of the even more beautiful so-called salivary glands, which a skilful operator may extract through the head of a bee after immersing his insect up to its neck in wax. As to the uses of these glands there is some discussion among apiarists, a discussion which incidentally includes the question whether bees feed their young by regurgitating semi-digested food or by a glandular system producing a nutritive secretion which almost tempts Mr. Cheshire to use the term “bee-milk.” Certain of the glands of the bee, however, probably serve for digestive purposes; and we are told, in the chapter on the Digestive System, that, “far as we are from bees, there still exists between us a most helpful similarity of physical structure,” and that “the salivary and gastric secretions perform precisely the same functions in both.” Bees, however, have a great advantage over mankind in being able to carry a large stock of provisions, drinkables as well as eatables, in their insides, and in having the power of feeding upon these stores, by means of what is called the “stomach-mouth,” at pleasure; moreover, if circumstances so dispose them, they can convert these provisions into building materials, instead of eating them and drinking them. One of the most interesting organs of the bee is its foot. This is not only furnished with a very sharp and powerful claw, but also with a sort of soft pad, which gives out a clammy secretion, enabling it to walk on smooth surfaces like glass. It is by the claws that bees hang on to one another in swarming.

When a bee’s head is cut off it does not die “in a restricted sense”; for, says Mr. Cheshire, “drones in confinement will sometimes live very much longer without their heads than with them.” But it must not be supposed that the bee’s head is an unimportant part of its structure; on the contrary, its brain is larger in proportion to its bulk than those of certain other insects. The proportion of brain to bulk in the cockchafer, for instance, is only $\frac{1}{300}$ th; whereas in the worker-bee it is $\frac{1}{14}$ th. The worker, who, by the way, is a female, is greatly superior to the queen in brain-power; nor is it on this point alone that the queen, in the opinion of the author, is inferior to the worker, for her eyes are smaller, her antennae are less sensitive, her legs are less perfect, having neither baskets nor brushes for collecting pollen, her wings are less developed, her sting is often rendered useless “by atrophy and inspissation of venom, her digestive system is less complete, and her gland structures” are “relatively defective, or wanting.” Worker-bees, he tells us, are occasionally fertile and lay eggs, but produce drones only, and he adds that drones have no father. Their mother, says he, may be either a queen or a worker, but it was proved by Dzierzon, some thirty years ago, that their production is parthenogenetic. Drones are usually bred in very large numbers; single colonies will produce as many as 6,000 or 8,000. The general massacres of drones by workers are well known to every modern apiarist. Unlike the queen, the drone is an excellent flyer, and Mr. Cheshire estimates bee-flight at from sixteen to eighteen miles per hour, which strikes us as a very low calculation. The mechanism by which, when a bee flies, a fold on the edge of the upper wing is caught by a number of hooklets on the edge of the lower, is exceedingly beautiful. Matrimony is fatal to a drone, and a queen never mates a second time; but her almost momentary honeymoon enables her to lay a million and a half of fertile eggs. The egg of a bee when magnified a hundred times is a beautiful object. The author compares it to a tiny pearl, “covered with what ladies call blonde, many hundreds of the meshes of which are required to coat it completely.” This netting is in a radiating pattern, something like the cordage on a balloon, but the meshes, except at the ends, are hexagonal. The queen-bee, with her 1,500,000 eggs, is a very bad layer in comparison with another honey-eating insect—namely, the aphis, rudely called by some the “plant-louse,” about whom there are interesting details in this volume. Réaumur calculated that during the month or six weeks of her existence, this insect can lay 5,904,900,000 eggs, but Tougard and Morre consider that a single aphis can lay a quintillion of eggs. Professor Huxley has computed that, “assuming an aphis to weigh $\frac{1}{1000}$ grains, and a man 285 lbs.—i.e. 2,000,000 grains—then the tenth brood of one parent, without adding the products of all the generations which precede the tenth, would contain more ponderable substance than 500,000,000 of such men—i.e. more than the whole population of China.

Those who have been stung by bees may like to know what bee poison is. “Its active principle seems to be formic acid, probably associated with some other toxic agent.” Mr. Cheshire does not tell us anything about formic acid; but, as everybody knows, it takes its name from the *Formica Rufa*, or red ant, which used to be distilled to produce it. It is highly corrosive, and a little dropped on the hand will produce a sore; so, as may easily be imagined, it is a very formidable agent when injected beneath the skin. It increases greatly in strength with its temperature, and when heated to boiling-point it will reduce even salts of silver, mercury, and gold. The idea that a bee invariably dies after stinging is a vulgar error. “It will, if allowed time, generally carry its sting away by travelling round upon the wound, giving the instrument a screw movement until it is free.” More usually, however, the bee is not allowed time to travel round, and “she loses not only the sting and the venom-gland and sac, but also the lower portion of the bowel, so that her death follows in

* *Bees and Bee-keeping, Scientific and Practical: a Complete Treatise on the Anatomy, Physiology, Floral Relations, and Profitable Management of the Hive Bee.* By Frank R. Cheshire, F.I.S., F.R.M.S., Lecturer on Apiculture at South Kensington. Vol. I. Scientific. London: L. Upcott Gill.

an hour or two." The queen has a sting, a very sharp one, and so hard that it will turn the edge of the finest razor; "but never does she in human hands inflict a puncture," not that even this splendid language would induce us to give her the chance. No bee "inflicts a wound until she has examined the nature of the surface to be punctured, using a pair of very beautiful organs called palpi, elaborately provided with feeling hairs and thin nerve-ends."

The chapter on Wax and Bee Architecture will be read with much interest. The description of the formation of the honeycomb is well written and easy to understand. Although "nearly allied to the fats in atomic constitution," wax is "not chemically a fat or glyceride, and those who have called it 'the fat of bees' have grossly erred." We should be disposed to be somewhat lenient to the wicked perpetrators of this gross error, for it is at most doubtful whether they ever intended the expression to be understood literally. One pound of wax is enough to make 35,000 cells, which will store 22 lbs. weight of honey. Wax is stronger than might be supposed, for a waxen cell at the top of a comb, fully filled, will support 1,320 times its own weight. Like every secretion, wax is at first liquid, and "it is derived from the blood by cell action." Comb-building requires a great deal of muscular and nervous wear and tear on the part of the bee, and deprives it wholesale of phosphates—things much talked about by modern doctors. Indeed, Mr. Cheshire's history of the bee constantly brings to our mind the human invalid of the period, with his waste of nerve-power, his reflex action or want of it, and his different forms of paralysis.

Among other venerable theories that have been exploded within the last few years is the notion that the so-called queen-bee in any sense governs, and that she is constantly surrounded by a circle of reverent courtiers. Instead of this, she is rather dependent on the worker-bees, and what used to be supposed to be her obsequious maids-of-honour have been proved by modern science to be nothing but a party of Gamps, carrying the bee-equivalents of gruel and beef-tea for their prolific patient. The universality of the ancient theory about queen-bees is, however, open to question. We have before us a book printed in the year 1670, in which the queen-bee is spoken of as the king and the drone as the female, "In their breeding they actually couple together, after which they lay eggs, sitting upon them for the space of five and forty days." What would the Lecturer on Apiculture at South Kensington think of that?

LYRICS FROM THE SONG-BOOKS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.*

MR. BULLEN has already deserved excellently of students of Elizabethan literature and of readers generally by his work on that period; and, if this work has been now and then a little marred by overhaste in some of the editorial details or by criticism which does not at once command assent, the defect has been atoned for many times over by the volume of matter of the first interest which has been made accessible. With his latest and perhaps most delightful contribution there is hardly any fault to be found. It might have been better not to attempt annotation at all; for, though the notes given are generally apposite and almost always interesting, it is rather difficult to know when to stop in such matters, and there is in the book room for at least ten times more annotation of the same kind as interesting and as apposite. The introduction is free from this charge altogether, being very well planned and executed. Its only weakness is the absence of a note of warning to modern readers of the curious inequality which attends the unexampled beauties of the Elizabethan age, especially in minor writers. This note is a very necessary one; for the modern reader, unaccustomed as he is to public writing of anything like the same beauty as the best things of this period, is accustomed to find, or at least to expect, a certain uniformity of merit in his poets. Sometimes it is only a uniformity of demerit; often it is only a uniformity in attention to the tricks of the time, to mere mint and anise and cumin. Often, too, the curious childishness or flatness (as it seems to modern ears) of certain Elizabethan passages is only the reverse side of the freshness, the unpremeditated art, the spontaneity which make their greatest charm. But, all the same, the sophisticated modern is apt to be struck by this inequality and sometimes to be positively disgusted or shocked by it, and not unfrequently to shut the book in consequence, and deplore, as M. Ferdinand Brunetière deplores in France, the mistaken and affected zeal of those who admire such stuff. For instance, Mr. Bullen has chosen, and rightly chosen, as an epigraph for his book the following charming lines by an entirely unknown writer:—

O love, they wrong thee much
Who say thy sweet is bitter;
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee.
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee from my heart
And fall before thee.

That is quite charming; but the licentious reader in his license is just as likely to open upon such a verse as this:—

Happy minds, that can redeem
Their engagements how they please,
That no joys or hopes esteem
Half so precious as their ease.
Wisdom should prepare men so
As if they did all foreknow.

And then he is likely to say, "Well, this is highly true, and no doubt a chain of extremely valuable thoughts, but it is not very extraordinary poetry." And though the contents of at least four-fifths of the book are on an infinitely higher level, our English Brunetières will choose to look at this picture and not at that.

After all, however, Mr. Bullen may say that he does not write or collect for our English Brunetières, but for folk of better taste; and, if he says so, it will be hard to find much fault with him. Moreover, it is time to give some more exact account of what it is that he has actually done and what the stores are on which he has actually drawn. All scholars know how very imperfectly, even after a good century of rummaging, the exquisite minor poetry of the Elizabethan period is known even to themselves, much more to the general public. The lesser works of the great poets have been fairly drawn upon in selections; the *Songs from the Dramatists* of Mr. Bell, though far from exhaustive, did good service. Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Linton, Dr. Hannah have made much more recondite work accessible, and the reprinting exertions of men like the late Mr. Collier, like Dr. Grosart, like Professor Arber and others have made many minor worthies and collections more or less known. Professor Arber's *English Garner* has done special service in this respect by its drafts on the song-books proper of a period which was nothing if not musical, and in which, as Mr. Bullen truly says, composers were not content to regard the words of a song as a mere peg to hang the music on, without even, as he might have added, caring of what material, shape, or stoutness the peg was made. But, charming as the collections given by Mr. Arber from Byrd, Campion and others are, they are anything but exhaustive to begin with, and are professedly not sifted for "beauties" only. By searching them still more critically, and by adding to the results of the searching further siftings from a great many volumes on which Mr. Arber has not yet drawn, Mr. Bullen has got together a most delightful sheaf of songs, not a tenth of which is known even to men well acquainted with the period, and nine-tenths of which displays in the most vivid colours that indescribable and exquisite quality of artlessness and "woodnote wild" in which, except in Blake, Burns, and Shelley, with a very few touches elsewhere, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been usually barren, admirable as has been in other respects their contribution to our poetical literature.

There is no doubt that this quality, the quality, to give an example from well-known work, which is present in "Take, oh take those lips away" and nearly all Shakspeare's songs, in Webster's two great dirges and in Dekker's "Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers," is, if possible, even more striking in the miscellaneous and, as far as scope and substance are concerned, comparatively trivial work of these unknown, or almost unknown, purveyors of Madrigals and Catches and Airs to be sung as the lute passed from hand to hand after supper in merry company, or by the solitary performer to while away an interval of study or a moment of idleness. It has been called "indescribable," perhaps the better word would be indefinable, for description of it is not difficult. It is that peculiarity sometimes of phrase, sometimes of cadence, which awakens in the reader or hearer a certain indefinite suggestion of beauty and harmony beyond and apart from the mere significance of the words used. It is thus the specially romantic grace as opposed to the specially classical, where there is no overplus of suggestion, but where the pleasure arises from the perfect, full, and defined adequacy of verbal or metrical expression to the particular effect intended to be conveyed. It is the same grace of "unexpectedness" or "far-offness" which, when the knack of conveying it simply was dying out (though, as in Herrick, it had not yet died), the "Metaphysicals" of the next generation sought to reach by means of the most elaborate gymnastics of thought and language. But in the earlier time there was not the least need of gymnastics, the natural action of the poet producing the effect to all appearance without his consciousness, in a fashion as simple as walking or breathing, though not as constant. For the very same unconsciousness which adds so much charm to the performance seems to have permitted the performers to indulge in very different performances without any compunction, and then we get the flatnesses and even discords already noted. But these flatnesses and discords are only exceptions. What is the rule may be guessed from the few following examples taken almost at random:—

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my song did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy:
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

Have I found her? O rich finding!
Goddess-like for to behold,
Her fair tresses seemly binding
In a chain of pearl and gold.
Chain me, chain me, O most fair,
Chain me to thee with that hair!—P. 33.
Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.—P. 71.
Sister, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.
See, the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo! how he blusheth to espouse
Us idle wenches sleeping.
Therefore, awake! make haste, I say,
And let us without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-maying.—P. 107.
Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whi, te whoo!
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whi, te whoo!—P. 116.
Thus saith my Chloris bright
When we of love sit down and talk together:—
“ Beware of Love, dear; Love is a walking sprite,
And Love is this and that
And, O, I know not what,
And comes and goes again I wot not whether.”
No, no, these are but bugs to breed amazing,
For in her eyes I saw his torch-light blazing.—P. 137.

But we must take no more of Mr. Bullen's plums from his pudding—a pudding than which of its kind no better is likely to be provided by any caterer this Christmas.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF CHINA.*

IN the opening sentence of his Preface Dr. Legge expresses satisfaction that with the publication of the *Li ki* he has completed the task of translating the Chinese classics which he undertook more than a quarter of a century ago. After having read the *Li ki* through we can quite realize the relief which must be ever present with him at having got it off his hands. The other classics, one and all, bear on subjects of special interest. We have in the “Book of History” and the “Spring and Autumn Annals” historical records of the highest antiquity and of considerable importance; in the “Book of Odes” we have reflected the manners and customs of the people before and at the time when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt; and in the “Book of Changes” we have presented a puzzle which is entralling. But in the “Book of Rites,” or, as Dr. Legge translates the Chinese title, *Li ki*, “A Collection of Treatises on the Rules of Propriety or Ceremonial Usages,” we have scarcely anything which conveys the least general instruction or excites more than an occasional interest. From the first to the last page there is hardly an elevating thought or an inspiring idea. It is all of the earth, earthly, without the slightest leaven of anything which is commonly described as sacred. We are accustomed to rituals of other peoples which enter equally with this into the smallest details of daily conduct, but in them we find that the forms, or at least many of them, are emblematic of religious ideas. In the *Li ki*, however, there is not the slightest indication of anything beyond the insistence of the perfunctory performance of prescribed ritualistic practices, with the exception of a few references to sun-worship and other ancient cults on which Confucianists are apt to look with contemptuous indifference. The only approach to anything elevating is found in the first sentence of the text, “Always and in everything let there be reverence.” For the rest the contents consist chiefly of laws for the regulation of outward conduct which by their studied exposition of every minute detail almost deprive Mr. Bret Harte's account of Confucius of its claim to originality.

“In walking,” writes that satirist, “the master usually put one foot before the other; when he rested it was generally on both legs. . . . The superior person wore his clothes in the ordinary manner, never putting his shoes upon his head nor his cap upon his feet.” This is certainly not an unfair caricature of such a passage as the following from Part IV. p. 8:—

The rule for a superior man in drinking (with the ruler) was this:—When he received the first cup he wore a grave look; when he received the second he looked pleased and respectful. With this the ceremony

stopped. At the third cup he looked self-possessed and prepared to withdraw. Having withdrawn, he knelt down and took his shoe, retired out of the ruler's sight, and put them on. Kneeling on his left knee, he put on the right shoe; kneeling on the right knee, he put on the left one.

It is difficult to understand how a people can be influenced as the Chinese unquestionably are by a code of social laws which offers no inducement to obedience by appealing to the higher instincts of humanity. Père Galléry probably offered the best explanation of the difficulty when he wrote:—

Le cérémonial résume l'esprit chinois. . . . Ses affections, si elles en a, sont satisfaites par le cérémonial; ses devoirs, elles les remplissent au moyen du cérémonial; la vertu et le vice, elle les reconnaît au cérémonial; en un mot, pour elle le cérémonial c'est l'homme, l'homme moral, l'homme politique, l'homme religieux, dans ses multiples rapports avec la famille, la société, l'état, la morale et la religion.

If the *Li ki* were but an archaic record of obsolete observances, it might excite a smile as a mummified register of the early pedantry of the people; but it is, however strange it may appear, as much a living power with the Chinese as the Talmud is with the Jews or the Koran with the Mahomedans. One of the six Imperial Boards is especially occupied in enforcing its precepts, and every public act is carefully made to conform in a general way to its regulations.

The original text was compiled from the existing ritual by a scholar of the first century B.C., and was at an early date admitted into the recognized canonical literature of the Empire. In common with the other classics, its pages have attracted the attention of a host of commentators, who have added comment to comment until the original text has been completely overlaid with a vast accumulation of conjecture and theory. Following the lead of prominent scholars, the critics of each period have adopted different views with regard to the meaning of much of the text and to the references it contains to the contemporary habits and beliefs of the people. Thus we have the different schools of the T'ang, Sung, Ming, and Ts'ing dynasties, all materially differing, and all claiming for themselves the infallibility which appears to belong exclusively to commentators. Dr. Legge, after studying the writings of the T'ang and Ts'ing schools, has adopted the views of the latter, modified apparently by the opinions of a native scholar who furnished him with “an extensive compilation . . . gathered mostly from more recent writers of the last 250 years.” We have thus in the work before us a translation of the text, plus that of the commentators whose views Dr. Legge adopts. To illustrate our meaning we take the following passage from p. 441 of Part III:—“The dark-coloured cap and the (preceding) fasting and vigil (with which the bridegroom meets the bride makes the ceremony like the service of) spiritual beings and (the meeting of) the bright and developing and receding influences (in nature).” In the original text this sentence consists of eight words, which, literally translated, run thus:—“Dark-coloured cap, self-purification, abstinence, spiritual beings, the female principle to male principle”; all the rest has been added by the commentators, and is reproduced by Dr. Legge in an attempt, as he says, “to catch and indicate the ideas in the mind of the writer.” The passage is doubtless a difficult one, and is probably corrupt; but would it not have been better to have left it in its native ruggedness rather than have made so bold an attempt “to catch and indicate the ideas in the mind of the writer”? It is impossible to contemplate without terror the admission of such a system into the work of translation. If every translator is to try “to catch and indicate the ideas in the mind of the writer,” it is appalling to think what future generations may have placed before them as the meaning of this and other passages. For the most part “the ideas in the mind of the writer” are in the present work placed within parentheses, and the reader is therefore at liberty to exercise his right of private judgment on these oft-recurring interpositions; but the general effect of them is distracting, and materially interferes with the value of the work as a translation.

In this particular instance, however, the contents of the work are not such as to make it of any great importance whether or not the ideas in the mind of the writer are in every instance caught and indicated. It can matter very little whether the rules of outward conduct laid down with such minuteness as to leave nothing to the imagination, and with such a wealth of compulsory detail as to destroy the possibility of spontaneous well-doing, be in all cases correctly reproduced. If ever there were an instance in which the letter killeth this is one, and we have before us the results in a nation of formalists whose freedom of action and independence of thought are cramped and mutilated by the mechanical system of the *Li ki* and the other rituals derived from it. For every act in the seven ages of man rules are provided and regulations are forthcoming, from the infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms to the veteran sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. Thus we are told, on the authority of Confucius, on the death of a ruler all the relatives, high nobles, great and other officers, should on the third day

take their places . . . with their faces to the north. . . . The master for the child will carry the child [heir] in his arms on a mat of sackcloth. The officer of prayer will precede, followed by the child, and the minister and master of the temple will come after. Thus they will enter the door (of the apartment where the coffin is) when the wailers will cease. The child has been brought up the western steps, and is held in front of the coffin with his face to the north, while the officer of prayer stands at the south-east corner of it. Mournfully clearing his voice three times he will say, “So and so, the son of such and such a lady, and we, his servants who follow him, presume to appear before you.” The boy is (then made) to do obeisance with his forehead on the ground, and to wail. The officer

* *The Sacred Books of China—The Texts of Confucianism.* Translated by James Legge. Parts III. and IV. The *Li ki*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

of prayer, the minister, the officer of the temple, all the relatives, the high nobles, with the great and other officers will wail and leap, leaping three times with each burst of grief. . . . The son (in the arms of his bairn is made) to leap, and (the women) in the apartments also leap. Thrice will they do so, leaping three times each time.

We are not quite sure whether Dr. Legge's remark that leaping was "a most expressive indication of the sorrow proper to the occasion" is intended to be taken seriously or not. The act of leaping is certainly more commonly associated with the idea of rejoicing than of grieving. Witness the expression to leap for joy, and it is certainly not grief which makes an Irishman leap and dance on the grave of his enemy. But the incongruity is in the translation and not in the text. The word *yung*, which Dr. Legge renders "to leap," here means "to stamp with the foot" as a man does when he is vexed or grieved, and this is without doubt "a most expressive indication of sorrow."

With the same minute detail the life of every Chinaman is thus mapped out for him. So we are told that "sons in serving their parents, on the first crowing of the cock, should all wash their hands, and rinse their mouths, comb their hair, draw over it the covering of silk, fix this with the hair-pin, bind the hair at the roots with the fillet, brush the dust from that which is left free, and then put on their caps, leaving the ends of the strings hanging down," and so on *ad nauseam*. We cannot help thinking that, if it were necessary to deal with the *Li ki* at all, an abstract of its contents would have been enough to satisfy the most insatiate student. The affection of culture in the midst of acknowledged barbarism which it contains, and the assumption of the principles of a humanity which has no connexion with philanthropy, cannot but produce an unfavourable impression on the mind of the reader, wearied with the superabundance of set formalities which encumber its pages. We do not mean to say that the rules embalmed in the *Li ki* may not have exercised a beneficial influence in China. The Chinese mind is so strangely constituted that it is affected by motives which appeal in vain to other peoples. It is, too, unquestionably true that the practice of politeness exercises a peaceful influence over the relations of man with man, and so far the *Li ki* may be recognized as a work of importance. But to the foreign student it contains nothing of interest to be compared to that awakened by Dr. Legge's translation of the "Book of History," the "Book of Odes," and the "Spring and Autumn Annals." All these are so many mines of historical, religious, and scientific interest. Not so the *Li ki*, however, which illustrates nothing and teaches nothing except the Chinese love of forms, and which appeals only to those Dryasdusts who find their chief delight in the barren husks of literature.

MR. ENGEL'S REMINISCENCES.*

MR. ENGEL'S English is not only peculiar in itself; it is so larded with French that it produces an impression distinctly bichromatic—as of a piebald horse. It has been described as jargon; and the description is true. But the jargon is pleasant, lively, even expressive, and is used with so much *brio* and intelligence as to possess a certain slipshod quality of style—not elegant, not good, not even correct, but personal always, and, in its way, sufficient, facile, and telling. It follows that, as Mr. Engel has a good deal to say—as he knows a great deal about his art, and has consortied with many famous men—the score or so of *causeries* of which these volumes are composed may be read with both pleasure and profit. The book, he says, is, like any other, "a child sent forth with its father's best wishes." More, "it has learned a little about this and that"; it has learned, "if that be any recommendation, to speak the truth"; and he has tried to let it "say what it knows, not in a pretentious, dry manner, but naturally," and so (he is careful to note) as "to mix the amusing with the more historical element." The credit he claims is not undeserved. His opinions concerning his art are mostly sound, and are expressed with an entertaining frankness, and the many anecdotes, novel and elderly, with which he enlivens his pages, are always briskly told, and are often well worth telling.

Among the composers of whom he has treated are Berlioz, Wagner, Gounod, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, and Verdi; among "performers," as he calls them, he tells of but two—Thalberg and Paganini; among singers he considers only Mario, Mme. Patti, and Mme. Christine Nilsson. In most cases, his estimate is personal; he has known the men and women of whom he writes. It was thus, it would seem, with Mario and Berlioz, with Rossini and Meyerbeer and Gounod, with Thalberg, and Mmes. Nilsson and Patti, at least. Of Mozart, whom he greatly admires, he writes, of course, from books; and he does not appear to have known either Schumann or Paganini, Chopin or Wagner or Verdi, though his sketch of the last is in its way the best thing in the book. But his reminiscences are by no means confined to the subjects of his *causeries*. He saw Heine; he has talked—of Verdi's successes—with Donizetti; he was a friend of Gustave Doré—"that inspired painter," as he calls him, "of the most elevated Biblical subjects"; he has anecdote upon anecdote of Fiorentino, whom he describes as a *chanteur* of the blackest type; he owed his first lift in life to the strong and generous hand of Alexandre Dumas, who met him at an evening party, heard him talk of Sophie Cruveli, the *diva* of the year, and

commissioned him to write an article to the same effect for *Le Mousquetaire*. For Dumas, indeed, he professes a boundless admiration. He asked the great man once which of his writings he himself preferred. The great man replied without hesitation that he thought best of the *Mousquetaires* and the first two volumes of *Monte Cristo*; and yet, says Mr. Engel, pathetically, "a year after his telling me so . . . Maquet the novelist brought an action against Dumas for 'unpaid collaboration,' and in this suit, which extended over many days, he showed by letters and short notes from Dumas, produced in masses, that he (Maquet) had furnished feuilleton after feuilleton for Girardin's *Presse* . . . and proved per A + B that he was the author of the *Mousquetaires* and the first volumes of *Monte Cristo*—albeit after Dumas's plans." [Rossini, to whom Mr. Engel put the same question, evaded it, and said that his masterpiece was *Don Juan*; but this is by the way.] It would have been better, we opine, had Mr. Engel looked a little more closely into the relation of Dumas with his collaborators ere he repeated this story in all its crudity. In the same way he repeats the history of Paganini's gift of 20,000 francs to Berlioz, but takes no notice of the version given in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, that the gift was a "put-up job" of Berlioz and Jules Janin, and that Berlioz remained to the end of his life in happy ignorance of the trick. As he was intimate with Berlioz in life (he writes of him with genuine sympathy and understanding) and professes an immense admiration for Paganini, he might do worse than clear this matter up—if he can—in a second edition—if he has the opportunity. It is to be noted against this sin of omission that he vouches for the truth of Berlioz's account of the extraordinary behaviour of Habeneck on the occasion of the production of the *Messe des Morts*. It is, he declares, a fact that at the critical moment—the apparition of the four corner orchestras in the "Tuba mirum"—Habeneck did lay down his baton and take snuff. He is of opinion—we fail to see why—that Berlioz would have done better not to tell the story in his *Mémoires*; but, as the story is related therein—against his explicit advice he tells us—he is prepared to back it up in the strongest terms.

Of Wagner he writes in a fashion that will command him to anti-Wagnerites all the world over, and to their opposites will make his name a byword and a hissing wherever the music of the future is accepted as the last and highest expression of the present. That Wagner had extraordinary merits he is fully prepared to admit; he goes so far, indeed, as to describe his *Flying Dutchman*, his *Lohengrin*, his *Tannhäuser* as "masterworks of conception and execution." But at *Tristan* and the tetralogy he draws the line; he will tolerate these achievements neither as music nor as poetry, and he fights his case with a verve, a conviction, a command of facts that to the faithful will make him anathema for ever. He relates that Wagner confessed to a disciple that the system on which the tetralogy was written was a mistake, and is careful to note that "with *Parsifal*, produced in Bayreuth before his death, he (Wagner) quietly returned to the ancient gods," renounced the position of the false prophet with his "new art," and reverted to the ancient and immortal law of real art; the beautiful and simple." He is wicked enough to quote the enormous opinions of certain thick-and-thin admirers; he descants with much art on Wagner's hatred of Jewry, and is perfidious enough to hint that the hero was himself a Jew; he proves to admiration that Wagner, the most envious and ungrateful of men, was certainly the very genius of advertising; he does not fail to remark, and that with propriety and point, upon the contrast between Wagner a failure and a Republican and Wagner successful and the favourite of a King, setting himself up as a victim poor and misunderstood, clothing himself in satin, drinking from cups of gold, and leaving his family (for this, by-the-bye, we must have better assurance) a fortune of 5,000. a year. And with all this it cannot be said of him that Mr. Engel is a professional anti-Wagnerite; he suspects, it is true, that in Liszt, for all his genius, there was a large and potent element of charlatanism, and he says so more than once; but he is a staunch admirer of Dr. Richter, and his estimate of that distinguished artist is not less generous than it is intelligent and just. Justice and intelligence are, indeed, the dominant of his critical work. At heart he is an admirer of Mozart, and, after Mozart, of Rossini; but that does not prevent him from writing with sympathy and understanding (as we have said) of Berlioz and Schumann, of Meyerbeer and Chopin and Verdi. Again, he is an enthusiastic admirer of Mario and Mme. Patti; but he is too good an artist not to prefer the method, the education, the standard of Farinelli and Rubini and Lablache, and, if he makes an exception in favour of certain singers of genius, he takes occasion whenever he can to deprecate, and that in the roundest terms, the meanness and insufficiency of the training to which good voices are nowadays subjected, and the pitiful and greedy ambition by which their possessors are inspired. On a matter of this sort he speaks with authority; and it is greatly to be wished, for the sake of music, that his teaching might prevail.

Garrulous and anecdotic as he is, Mr. Engel is not above history, and is able now and then to present us with an interesting fact. Thus, on Rossini's own authority, he corrects the ascription to that master of the three choruses, *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, so cruelly and wittily dismissed by Berlioz. He asserts, again, that Mario was neither Conte nor Marchese, but plain Cavaliere, and was born in 1808 at Cagliari, and not in 1812 at Genoa. He is positive—in defiance of Grove, Fétis, Vapereau, and the others—that M. Gounod's birth year is not 1818, but 1811 or 1812; and he declares that he has converted the author of *Faust*, and

* *From Mozart to Mario*. By Louis Engel. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1886.

Mireille (of whom, by the way, he writes with directness and propriety) to his way of thinking. Of course there are more notable truths in him than these; but his book is one to be not quoted, but read.

TWENTY-NINE BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE first volume of Professor Kuenen's second edition of *The Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Origin and Collection of the Books of the Old Testament* is in reality the opening chapter of the complete treatise. His main object is to indicate the point to which critical examination of the subject has reached and the advances made in it since 1860. This progress consists in variations from the then dominant theory of the origin of the Hexateuch, i.e. the Pentateuch and Joshua. Briefly that theory was that the Hexateuch was brought into its present form by "the Deuteronomist" in the reign of Manasseh or Josiah; that he inserted his laws and narratives into the work of "the Jehovah" writer of the eighth century; and that the Jehovah in turn based his work upon the "Book of Origins"—*Grundeschrift*—the production of a priest of the time of Solomon. The advanced positions adopted or arrived at by Professor Kuenen are (1) that the Jehovah did not fill in the "Elohist" Book of Origins, but was a writer of independent narratives; (2) that there was no unity in the Book of Origins itself, but that it is the deposit of successive traditions of the priestly circle; (3) that internal evidence shows that the priestly passages incorporated must have been introduced later than Deuteronomy; (4) that the Hexateuch must have received its present form, not from the Deuteronomist, but from a member of the Sacerdotal Corporation of Jerusalem. The profane may in this case as in others draw their own conclusions from the constant varying of theories on points where certainty is impossible.

Bishop Moberly's *Parochial Sermons* will naturally command

* *The Origin and Composition of the Hexateuch.* By A. Kuenen. Translated by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Parochial Sermons. By George Moberly, D.C.L., late Bishop of Salisbury. London: Rivingtons. 1886.

Henry Bazely, the Oxford Evangelist. By the Rev. E. L. Hicks, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Creation and its Records. By B. H. Baden-Powell, C.I.E., F.R.S.E. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

Helps to Belief—Creation. By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Carlisle. London: Cassell & Co. 1886.

Advent Sermons, 1885. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Short Sermons. By Henry Harris, D.D., Rector of Winterbourne Bassett. Second edition. London: Henry Frowde. 1886.

The Church in the Nation. By Henry C. Lay, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Easton, U.S. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1886.

Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ. By John Hamilton Thom. Second series. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

The Book of Joshua: a Critical and Expository Commentary of the Hebrew Text. By John Lloyd, M.A., F.R.Hist.Soc., Rector of Llanvapley, Monmouthshire. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

The Gospel according to St. Luke; with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton. London: George Bell & Sons. 1886.

History of the Reformation in England. By George G. Perry, Canon of Lincoln. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1886.

Some Laws in God's Spiritual Kingdom. By the Right Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, D.D., Bishop of Truro. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

All of Grace. By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore & Alabaster. 1886.

Regeneration in Baptism. By the Rev. G. E. O'Brien, M.A. Oxon. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1886.

The Following of Christ. By John Tauler. Done into English by J. R. Morell. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

The Trials of Jesus. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. London: Skeffington & Sons. 1886.

Nazareth and Capernaum. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. London: Skeffington & Sons. 1886.

Sabbath Lessons from Westminster. By the Rev. John Sinclair. Edinburgh: James Thin. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1886.

Echoes of Truth. Sermons by the late E. M. Geldart, M.A., sometime Scholar of Balliol, &c. Edited by Mrs. Geldart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

Everyday Religion. By James Freeman Clarke. London: Trübner & Co. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Prophet of Nazareth and His Message. By the Rev. Alfred Hood, of Bournemouth. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Le Bas, & Lowrey. 1886.

The Holy Temple: Lenten Meditations on the Inner Life. By H. B. Hyde, M.A., Curate of St. Mary, Newington. London: Skeffington & Sons. 1886.

Getting Ready for the Mission. By the Rev. W. Donne, Rector of Limehouse. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1886.

Prayer. By T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. London: Cassell & Co. 1886.

The Seven Last Words. By Thomas Birkett Dover, M.A., Vicar of St. Agnes, Kennington. London: Skeffington & Sons. 1886.

The Life, Teaching, and Works of the Lord Jesus Christ. London: Henry Frowde. 1886.

The Divinity of Our Lord. By William Alexander, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Derry. London: Cassell & Co.

Public Examination Scripture Manuals. By Arthur Riches, F.R.G.S. & Co. London: Relfe Brothers.

attention; but we are afraid they will disappoint hope. They have the defect incident to his experience. After a long life spent as a schoolmaster in a cathedral town, he is suddenly transferred to a country parish, and he appears to believe that it is only necessary to tell his rural parishioners that they are sinners, and that the remedy is to accept the doctrines and system of the Church. What are lacking in his teaching are the knowledge of the peculiar weaknesses and temptations of his hearers and instruction as to the mode in which reformation is to be begun and carried out. The Christian doctrine is the motive, not the process; it is not enough to tell people they are all in the wrong; they want to know where and how to be right. Repentance and faith are safe prescriptions; but it is the preacher's business to show their close association with conduct. The merit of these discourses is their terse straightforwardness of diction and their strict orthodoxy.

The life of Henry Bazely the Oxford Evangelist derives its singular interest from the nature and gifts of the man who led it. He was a scholar of Brasenose, and took high classical honours, a learned theologian, a born debater and controversialist, a dialectician so acute that he could take either side and convince his hearers on both; he was a charming companion, full of the sense of fun and humour and good-fellowship with his equals, in which enthusiasts are often wanting; he was a famous divinity "coach," so that even High Churchmen went to him, Presbyterian though he was, to be prepared for the Honour Schools; in many ways he was a typical Oxford don; and, besides all this, he was the apostle of the poor, preaching to them at the Martyr's Memorial every Sunday and in rooms on weekdays; he supplied their wants and sold his little stock of jewelry for their sake, he got up Bible classes and reading-rooms for working-men, he rescued fallen women; whenever there was a crowd, at fair or race-course, there was Bazely, sometimes mobbed and beaten, but never daunted. Though his whole life seemed to be given up to helping and teaching the poor, so that he had not time so much as to eat bread, he never forgot that he was a University man, and undergraduates and that neglected class, college servants, had as much of his thought and care as if there had been no city population in Oxford. These different associations form only a superficial contrast; the real contrast was between the man's mind and his methods. In his mind reason reigned supreme, and his life appeared to be one of passionate enthusiasm. Convinced of the truth of Calvinistic doctrine, he resigned his English orders; but, believing that national churches are the divinely appointed means of grace, was ordained in the Scotch Kirk, and died while still young.

Creation and its Records is another of those attempts to reconcile science and religion, which the author says people will always ridicule but will never abandon. His position is that both sides are wrong in the controversy—the evolutionists in pushing their theory too far, the theologians in denying it altogether. He contends, on the one hand, that evolution is a mode of nature's operation, not accidental or uncontrolled, but proceeding on distinct lines in obedience to preconceived law. There are obvious signs, e.g., of the limitations of variation, and the sterility of hybrids suggests that these limitations are the result of design. Thus the very constitution of matter and the development of organic life in some of its forms which the evolution theory lays down, demand the hypothesis of an intelligent designer. On the other hand, he claims that the record of creation is a record of facts, only irreconcilable with the conclusions of science because it has been misunderstood. Writing as a scientific man from a distinctly Christian standpoint, he naturally lays the greatest stress on that which most closely touches Christian doctrine—namely, the creation of man; and, in opposition to the Darwinian "descent," maintains that there is not the least ground for believing that any missing link has ever existed, or a tittle of evidence for the progressive development of man. That is the conclusion of the first part of his book, which is an examination of the theory of the evolution of organisms. The second part contains the author's view of the meaning of the Genesis record, which is, briefly, that—the controversy raging round the words "day" and "created"—there is no ground and no need for believing that day meant period, an idea refuted by the Sabbath being one of the "days"; and, secondly, that the word *create* means not fashioning or calling into actual existence, but conceiving or determining forms, modes of being, and lines of development—an explanation deriving a good deal of support from Gen. ii. 4, 5. It is, in fact, the *idea* of creation. Such a book demands much more space than we can afford for adequate treatment; it must suffice to have given its general scheme and to recommend it to the intelligent Christian reader, whatever professional students on either side may have to say about it.

The Bishop of Carlisle's *Creation* is on the same subject as Mr. Baden-Powell's larger work, and has the same religious purposes, but proceeds on different lines. He adopts Comte's "fundamental law" that there are three inevitable and only three possible conditions of thought about every branch of knowledge—namely, the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific—but there his agreement with the French philosopher ends. He denies that they are necessarily successive or mutually destructive. His contention is that they may and do co-exist and throw light upon each other, and experience certainly justifies his assertion that the scientific or "positive" study of the origins of things has cleared the theological or "fictitious" mode of thought from the accumulated mass of human error. Dr. Goodwin maintains his thesis with the knowledge, fairness, and logical force with which readers of his articles on the points of contact or conflict between faith

and reason are familiar, and with the added charm of a simplicity of style which will recommend it to all readers, and is especially adapted to those to whom he hopes—with good grounds we think—that his little book will be a *Help to Belief*.

Dean Church has followed up his sermons on *The Discipline of the Christian Character*, which we noticed a few months ago, with a volume of *Advent Sermons*, which, if not equal to its predecessor, shows many of the excellences of a preacher which are peculiarly his own. There is the same insight into human nature in what he says about the deeper sense of moral change amid the experiences of external vicissitude; the same power of varied application and illustration in the striking sermon on Hope; the same subdued suggestion of historical knowledge in his sketch of the fortunes of the Church, its glory and its shame, its confidence and its despair, its weakness and its strength; the same spiritual view of material relations in his lofty defence of its endowments and establishment. If the reader closes this volume with a sense of less complete satisfaction than that with which he finished the last, it is in part because the subject of it is less adapted to bring out the gift of spiritual analysis of feeling and conscience in which Dr. Church is so strong, partly perhaps because one or two of the sermons are rather overloaded than enriched with extracts from the Psalms.

Mr. Harris's volume of *Short Sermons* fulfils the promise of its title. They are so short that fifty-seven of them go into less than three hundred pages, and they are so full of matter that it is not likely that, "if he had had more time, he could have made them shorter." They are noticeable sermons for the number of subjects they handle—some of them vexed and some by nature difficult—for the honesty and originality with which the topics are regarded, for the severe logic with which they are thought out, for the matured knowledge with which they are illustrated. But they are not cheerful or hopeful; they are the product of a temper sober, not sanguine; and there is an undertone of sadness, if not of pessimism, about the end and the future which suggests that the writer has the defect of his merit, and that his meditation may become brooding. Nevertheless they are sure to interest thoughtful Churchmen, for the writer is never tempted by reading or speculation beyond the straitest limits of orthodoxy.

Dr. Lay, Bishop of Easton, U.S., was appointed last year to deliver the "Bishop Paddock" Lectures, a kind of American Bampton, and they have been published under the title of *The Church in the Nation*. It is impossible to read them without a heightened estimate of the Anglo- (or Scoto-) American Church. They are intended as a defence of the Anglican branch as the pure apostolic and authorized representative of God, and the points of interest in them to English readers are the arguments for the identity of the American Church with the English, and the claim of the Episcopal Church to be the National Church of the United States. In six lectures the Bishop sets forth the ideal, the attitude, the duties, and the claims of a National Church with knowledge, fairness, and logical force, and with a moderation of language as rare as it is welcome in theological attack or defence. Staunch Churchman as he is, the writer is harder upon erring Churches and unorthodox clergy than upon Nonconformity, and, conscious as he is of being a bishop, he is yet very human, and never forgets that he is a pastor.

Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ is the title of a somewhat uncommon volume of religious essays. They are rather essays than sermons, for few listeners could follow their compact arguments, or catch the meaning of their abstract statements, unexplained by instances, or the new sense of words in unwanted collocation. In all but style they remind us of Dr. Martineau; but, though lacking his picturesque exuberance, they have a chastened beauty of expression of their own, and in matter are in nowise behind him. The preacher makes no abatement from the strictness of the law which he is illustrating, and the refinement of his moral requirements, his microscopic perception of spiritual defects and his insistence on the finer graces of life as being as essential as the sterling qualities of character, must have been as great a spiritual strain upon his hearers as the fulness of his thought was upon their intellectual activity. He seems to write out of an abundance of knowledge of human nature and society, observed from the point of view of the Kingdom of Heaven, and he makes his appeal to the few who feel and think.

Mr. Lloyd's *Commentary on the Book of Joshua* will be found useful to students of the Hebrew text from the patient minuteness with which the writer passes from text to text, from his accurate knowledge of the language, the honesty with which he faces difficulties, and the reading he brings to bear on his subject.

The critical portion of Dr. Sadler's *Notes on the Gospel of St. Luke* is small in comparison with the exegetical, practical, hortatory, and dogmatic part. It is, indeed, almost confined to the brief and careful introduction, and to the comparison of codices, a department of his work which is fully and carefully done. The bulk of the volume consists of expositions, almost of very short sermons, on the successive texts, which are raised above the level of ordinary expositions by the author's learning and long pastoral experience. Here and there of course are interpretations, to say the least, not universally accepted; but on the whole the commentary will be welcomed by the better class of general readers, though perhaps they will not care much for the collation of MSS. The politic liberality which has not put the notes in double columns, and has printed them in type nearly as large as the text, deserves a word of thanks.

The *History of the Reformation in England* is Canon Perry's

contribution to *The Epochs of Church History*. It was to be expected that he would do it well, and his little book does not disappoint anticipation. Short as it is, it is saved from meagreness by omitting no essential factor of the great change, and from dulness by occasional picturesque details and suggestive touches of personal character. It is an epoch difficult to grasp and to present in the historical sequence of its events, and with the side lights of contemporary feelings and movements. Besides its higher causes, the Reformation was made possible by qualities in king, laity, and clergy which were far from noble. It was carried out largely from interested motives, by doubtful measures, by unprincipled men. For "there was a baseness in men's characters" then which caused a man whose motives were only mixed to be ranked among the pure. The author brings out these general features into clearness, and marks with precision the successive stages of progress and reaction; the danger to the Church of England from the reforming zeal of Edward, the victory assured to it by Mary's reprisals and revenge, its establishment by the cautious steering of Elizabeth between the zeal of the thorough-going reformers (who returned on her accession from the free towns of Germany and Switzerland full of new ideas) and the many adherents of the old faith. The attitudes of Mary, of Gardner, and of De Castro are especially well defined in this instructive monograph, and throughout it the reader feels that he has his feet on the solid ground of documents.

Some of Bishop Wilkin's devoted friends have done him the questionable kindness of publishing their notes of his Bible readings under the title of *Some Laws in God's Spiritual Kingdom*. He enunciates three of these laws, and, as he illustrates them out of the plenitude of his experience and knowledge of Scripture, they can hardly fail to be useful; but they remain mere jottings, instructive enough no doubt to listen to where the fire of living speech could fuse them into connected wholes, but unsuitable for reading. It is only too evident that "they have not been revised or even seen by him," and they will not enhance his justly-earned reputation as a religious teacher, though we hope they may benefit the Society in whose behalf they are published.

Such a book as *All of Grace* is interesting, because it reveals the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's influence; it shows his strength and weakness, and how even his weaknesses are a source of strength. His intense but unconscious egotism, his absolutely unphilosophical mind, the artificial theology which he promulgates as the revelation of the unseen, the reckless way in which he bandies about the sublimest abstractions, the material forms in which he presents them, perhaps even his hopeless vulgarity of mind, these are as potent instruments in his hands as his really great qualities as a preacher—namely, his burning convictions, his power of illustration, his knowledge of his audience, and his command of a homely and persuasive language.

Mr. O'Brien informs us in his preface that he was encouraged to publish his *Regeneration in Baptism* by the favourable reception of a series of sermons on the same subject by a congregation consisting largely of Dissenters. It is easy to understand how the author's earnestness, information, and plain yet forcible style would attract listeners, but there must be few English Nonconformists who would assent to his teaching. It is, of course, impossible for us to enter upon a detailed examination of a controverted theological doctrine, either in support or opposition to views which certainly are as advanced as any that have been held by the English Church. It must suffice to do justice to Mr. O'Brien's exhaustive treatment of his subject, to his candid consideration of objections, and to his conscientious examination and citation of all passages in Scripture relating to it, though he does not appear to depend much on other authorities.

If another translation of Tauler into English was called for after Miss Susanna Winkworth's, Mr. Morell may be thought to justify his venture by his terse and archaic style, which the original seems to require, and by the handy form of his volume. For Tauler's *Following of Christ* is essentially a companion-book; its form and matter adapt it for short readings and long meditations. If it has never had the popularity of the *Imitation*, the reasons are not far to seek. The Dominican is essentially a mystic; he is one of the fathers of German speculation, and writes only for those who are capable of abstract thought. The author of the *Imitation* is always practical; his rules seem easier to follow than Tauler's flights. Another reason may perhaps be found in the full title of his treatise, *The Following of the Poor Life of Christ*, and the stern conditions he exacts of all who would attempt the enterprise. St. Matt. xix. 16-30 is his text, and the justification of his demand for the self-effacement of his readers.

Mr. Baring Gould's two little volumes, *Nazareth and Capernaum* and *The Trials of Jesus*, though the one is about the beginning and the other about the end of the Saviour's ministry, are so much alike in manner and structure that they may be noticed together. Their general plan is to give the fullest information about the persons, places, and customs suggested by the text, and to end with a rather brief religious application. They are instructive and interesting, but not stimulating or hortatory sermons.

Sabbath Lessons from Westminster are not from the Abbey, but from the Assembly of 1643—in other words, a paraphrase on the Shorter Catechism arranged in the form of meditations for Sunday mornings and evenings throughout the year. They are likely to be useful to people who have made no inferences for themselves from Creed or Lord's Prayer or Decalogue; but they are bounded by the narrow scope of the "Catechism," and not brightened by much originality in the writer.

Mr. Geldart, the author of *Echoes of Truth*, was a scholar of Balliol, and became a "Christian Pantheist," a Freethinker in the fullest sense," and a man who could not guarantee that "his thoughts would remain the same for six consecutive months." It is this combination that constitutes the interest of his posthumous book, though harsh critics may say that a man who cannot give such a guarantee does not "think" at all.

Everyday Religion is the well-chosen title of a volume (apparently) of sermons by Mr. Freeman Clarke, of Boston, U.S. They have the merit of doing their thinking for them for people who do not think, and present the inevitable exactions of Christianity on thought, feeling, and conduct in terse and taking language. It is, of course, difficult to be obvious without being commonplace; but Mr. Clarke keeps on the narrow line, and saves the interest of his instruction by his many refined applications and his fertility in illustrating the law of life that he is from time to time enforcing. It is a book which might be read with profit by the very many people whose religion is to their daily life a thing apart, and few thoughtful persons would find it tedious.

The object of Mr. Alfred Hood's little book *The Prophet of Nazareth* is to promote a union of Christendom based on the essential elements of the Christian faith. These elements, he says, are to be found in the words of Christ; but the Churches have put correctness of thought and opinion before fidelity to conviction and purity of life, and have gone rather to the Epistles than to the Gospel for the conditions of Christian communion. Mr. Hood may not have done much to advance the consummation he so devoutly longs for; but his affectionate earnestness may help the growth of a spirit of unity, if outward uniformity is hopeless, and may even incline Churchmen to forgive a Nonconformist for asking "Can a man be both a priest and a Christian?" —a question which of course must not be taken, as it is obliged to be given here, without its context.

Mr. Hyde, under the title of *The Holy Temple*, has published six Lent sermons in which he compares the progress of a sinner from repentance to salvation, and the devout contemplation which is the note of its perfected state, to the Precinct, Courts, Porch, Sanctuary, and Holy of Holies of the Jewish Temple. His sermons appear to us to be rather hampered than helped by this somewhat strained analogy; but they breathe the true spirit of Christian zeal for souls, and are marked throughout by direct and penetrating appeals to conscience. The Archdeacon of Durham prefaces them by a strongly-worded recommendation of the writer and his book.

Canon Mason was "missioner" for the parish of Limehouse in 1884, and if it be true, as he says, that a mission "suddenly thought of and held" may do harm instead of good, Mr. Donne, the rector of the parish, has done good service by recording what *Getting Ready for the Mission* means. Among other things, it means beginning at least six months before the missioner arrives, and in the meanwhile circulating a mass of printed matter—posters (36 inches x 22), tracts, appeals, notices, invitations for help, forms for promises of money and personal service, &c., single specimens of which occupy 76 pages out of the 116 of this little volume. Mr. Donne seems to have left nothing undone that religious earnestness could suggest and administrative ability could carry out, and we trust that the results have repaid the expenditure of so much time, money, and Christian self-sacrifice on his own part and on that of his many fellow-workers.

In his contribution to the "Helps to Belief" series of a small volume on *Prayer*, Mr. Teignmouth Shore has done good service to common sense and religion by exposing the absurdity of the hospital-ward test of the efficacy of prayer, and given some wholesome advice to Christians as to its limitations. The logical difficulties raised by the facts of the divine foreknowledge and the reign of law will probably remain difficulties to most readers after the book is done; for arguments in favour of praying for physical results are based only on possibilities, and petitions will not be offered up because they may be justified by analogy, nor abandoned because they are illogical.

The Seven Last Words are meditations delivered by Mr. Dover at the "Three Hours" service on Good Friday. The modest preface disarms criticism. He aims at reaching the poorest and simplest, and the homely affectionateness of his manner and the apparent simplicity of his *rationale* of the awful subject of his sermons would be likely to attract them; what effect some of his descriptions of the physical details of the Passion and his view of the Atonement may have had upon thoughtful hearers is another question, and one not to be disregarded in these days.

The Life, Teaching, and Works of the Lord Jesus Christ are given in a continuous narrative of the Four Gospels. There is nothing new in the plan except that the divisions of chapters and verses are omitted and the Revised Version is used. But it is no doubt a handy book to the student of the New Testament as affording in a most readable form a conspectus of the Mysterious Life as a whole, and is likely to be useful for reading aloud to families or classes. A. W. M. D. has worked with a higher purpose than this, and we cordially sympathize with his own earnest conviction and his pious hope for others.

The Bishop of Derry is, we venture to think, another instance of mistaken selection of a writer to deal with such a subject as *The Divinity of Our Lord*, or he has mistaken the direction of his own powers. He is an orator, a poet, and a scholar; and he might have made out a strong case from the unintended indica-

tions of Scripture and from the course of history for the position he is defending, as he has to some extent done in the latter part of his work. But the earlier and longer part starts from positions which would not be granted by those whose objections are *a priori*, and the Bishop does not seem to see the real point of attack. By-the-bye, would it not have been better to use the word "deity," which is evidently meant, instead of "divinity," which is an ambiguous term?

Mr. Riches enters a protest against cram; but it would have been a more genuine protest if his hundred and fifty pages of questions on the Gospel of St. Luke had been given without the answers. He assumes that his manual will only be used after thorough preparation and sound teaching of the text, in which case it will not be cram, but only an indication of the kind of teaching necessary in order that "candidates may be successful in the various public examinations." How far are teachers or candidates likely to observe his condition with Mr. Riches's short cut in their hands?

RECENT BOOKS ON DANTE.*

A MUCH wanted index to the work of Colomb de Batines has been some time in making its way to England, as is the wont of many modern Italian publications; but it is not too late for notice and recommendation. It has been always difficult to find anything in that most valuable book, which contains such rare and copious information on the bibliography of Dante, unless one knew exactly where to look for it, which is hardly what should be the case with a book of reference. This serious deficiency has been remedied by the editor of this index, and apparently with much personal trouble, for he declares in his brief preface that he has sworn never to make an index again. One must succumb with resignation, he says, to the attack of mortal diseases; it is the common destiny. But voluntarily to bring about softening of the brain is quite another thing.

Professor Giacomo Polotto's so-called Dictionary is, in fact, a concordance to the whole of Dante's works, both poetry and prose, and under every word are given historical and critical explanations, together with references to the places in which it is to be found, and short extracts from the passages in which it occurs. In the case, too, of very important words, they are classified according to the sense or way in which they are employed. For instance, the word Beatrice, to which seven pages are devoted, is given under nine several headings; and, as promised in the title, the passages from the *Summa Theologie*, which Dante may be supposed to have had in his mind, are quoted and discussed. The book must have required much care and labour in its preparation, and cannot fail to be useful to students of Dante, whether beginning or advanced in their acquaintance with him. It is of the utmost value as exhibiting in collocation all the passages in all the works of Dante in which the same word is to be met with, and always with brief but sufficient commentary when necessary. The book combines the utility of the *Vocabolario Dantesco* of Blanc with that of the *Dizionario Storico, Geografico, Universale*, &c., of Bocci, and contains a great deal more than these two works put together. Unfortunately, however, it is at present only completed as far as the letter I.

The magnificent atlas of diagrams illustrating the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, put forth by the Duke of Sermoneta in 1859, now appears in a miniature reproduction. The little book itself measures only four inches by three, but as the plates are folded in four they are much larger, and would be extremely suitable to bind up in any octavo copy of the *Divina Commedia*. They are very distinctly executed, but some of the lettering is, of necessity, painfully minute. An introduction has been added, and an explanation of the plates. The price is very low, and for those who do not possess the work in its original shape the present publication will be a great boon.

Signor Foresi's book is one of those the publication of which shows how actively the study of Dante is being prosecuted in Italy, no less than in Germany and in England, and it is one which may be of considerable use to English as well as to Italian readers. It is by no means the first thing of its kind, but the translation seems to be well and sensibly executed. In the story of Ugolino the text has been adopted which makes the door of the tower of famine to have been nailed up, and not merely locked. The volume is well printed, and the text alone could not be bought for less than the price of this book. It may be remarked, however, that it is a pity that the lines are not more often numbered in editions of the *Divina Commedia*, for convenience of reference. In this instance the verses are not numbered at all, either by tercets or by fives or tens, as is usual in printing poetry. In consequence, although there is an index, the references are only made generally

* *Indice Generale della Bibliografia Dantesca compilata dal Sig. Visconti Colomb de Batines.* Bologna. 1883.

D. Giacomo Polotto.—*Dizionario Dantesco. Con Richiami alla Somma Teologica di S. Tommaso d'Aquino.* 3 vols. Siena. 1885-6.

La Materia della *Divina Commedia* di Dante Alighieri, dichiarata in *VI tavole* da Michelangelo Caetani. Firenze. 1886.

La *Divina Commedia* di Dante Alighieri. Voltata in prosa con testo a fronte da Mario Foresi. 1 vol. Firenze. 1886.

Dante for Beginners. A Sketch of the "Divina Commedia," with Translations, Biographical and Critical Notices, and Illustrations. By Arabella Shore. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

to the cantos, and are not made to the precise lines in each where the subject of reference is to be found.

The contribution to the study of Dante bearing the name of Arabella Shore begins with a biographical and critical notice of the poet, and gives some interesting notes on the obsolete forms of words used by him, as showing the growth of the Italian language from its Roman predecessor. A connected narrative is furnished of the plot and action of the *Divina Commedia*, and, as far as is possible in such a summary, in Dante's own words, interspersed with frequent translated quotations from the original. These are almost always in blank verse, but are occasionally in other metres, and sometimes the Italian itself is used, with or without the accompaniment of an English version. There are no pictorial illustrations, except an engraved portrait of Dante, which is identical with that prefixed to Dr. Carlyle's prose translation of the *Inferno*, also published by Chapman & Hall in the year 1849.

LIFE-HISTORIES OF PLANTS.*

THIS is an imposing book. It is devoid of any preface, and thus leaves the reader entirely alone to draw his own conclusions from the contents, an advantage in some respects, but a drawback where the object of the work is not clear. The plan appears to be to give the student a brief account of what is usually taught as to the relations between plants and animals, and then to give some descriptions of the structures and properties of plants; this introductory portion finished, the remainder of the book is occupied with sketches of the principal phenomena of life exhibited by various selected plants.

The manner in which this plan is carried out is best illustrated by quoting one or two examples. On p. 9 we read:—"Morphology and physiology are usually considered independent branches of study; the *dead* and the *living* organism being the separate subjects of each." Lower down, on p. 11, we are informed that "The fertilized germ-cell, or *germ*, as it may be briefly called, is the type of a physiological unit." Page 20 is enlivened with the following original remark:—"May it not be that the plant has been hitherto too much regarded as a contrivance for producing progeny, and that the organs of vegetation, when viewed with that deeper insight we are now gaining into their true physiological character, will throw light on their affinities?" The author, p. 24, thinks it probable that colourless plants and animals existed before plants containing chlorophyll; the essential difference between the green algae and the fungi being "that the one acquired the special vegetative mode of feeding, while the other adopted the animal mode." However, we learn on p. 26 that "plants are a necessity for animal life"; so that there is, no doubt, some way out of what may look a muddle.

What the author may understand by his so-called diagram on p. 23 is one thing; what students would be likely to glean from it might be quite another. In any case, we should have expected the Professor to indicate somewhere that the evidence for deriving the *Bryophyta* from the *Algae* is at least not clearer than that on which the true Fungi are usually deduced from *Algae*; the author seems to have made up his mind differently, and the *Bryophyta* are represented as directly descended from the *Algae*, while the Fungi have arisen independently from what he calls "undifferentiated protoplasm."

The greater part of the book is occupied with very brief accounts of the phenomena of life shown by the plants selected. The types are numerous and not ill chosen, but it would have been far better to have described half the number of forms and done the work more completely. Inaccuracy as often consists in omissions as in positive errors, and the general vagueness of the work impairs its value. If the text were thorough, it might be valuable as a note-book; under the circumstances we cannot recommend it. The figures have appeared in other books, and the author has not added to their value, in our opinion. The so-called diagrams cannot be considered as aids to the student, although diagrams of a somewhat similar kind, thoroughly and clearly worked out by a careful and able teacher, might be of use in teaching a certain class of students. What drafts have been made on other books with respect to the general science referred to in the earlier part of the work have not gained in either clearness or value in the exposition.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICA.†

THIS is an exasperating book. The author has a story to tell, and he tells it intelligibly. He with his two sons were among others the victims, as he alleges, of a heartless fraud, having been decoyed into a barren wilderness in California by misrepresentations of the grossest description. The perpetrators of the fraud were American citizens, and this manifestation of Yankee "cuteness" no doubt richly deserves to be recorded in the double aspect of an example and a warning. But while sharing to the full with our author his indignation against the

rogues who deceived him, we cannot say that we consider him to have been well advised in overlaying the statement of his grievance with a volume of dreary twaddle never rising above the level of the merest commonplace, and not recommended by any grace of style or felicity of diction; nay, we are of opinion that few persons opening the book at the beginning would struggle on far enough to discover in the third chapter that the author had any story to tell. A glance at the first few pages would of a surety suffice to consign the book to the grocer, and to brand the author as an egotistical bore and a writer of vile English. If, therefore, he wishes the statement of his wrongs to reach the eye of the public, he is peculiarly dependent on the good offices of critics.

Briefly his story is this. In answer to a tempting advertisement, setting forth in glowing terms the delights and advantages of California as a place of residence and a source of profit to the farmer, our author "interviewed" the advertiser, a "cute" Yankee of the type of Mr. Ahab Hawk. This person, thus appealed to, expatiated on the charms of a remote district in California, called the Antelope Valley, representing it to be peculiarly fitted for the growth of many kinds of fruit and of most other crops—an assertion to which he lent colour by producing effigies in wax, some of gigantic size, purporting to be models of fruit and vegetables grown in the valley. The markets of San Francisco and Los Angeles were, he stated, easily accessible, and it was only scarcity of population that had hindered the development of this paradise on earth, to which settlers were eagerly hastening in large numbers. The rainfall, he admitted, was scanty; but artesian wells could, he asserted, be sunk anywhere at a small cost and with the certainty of finding water. Letters of gratitude from settlers were shown, and finally the matter was clinched by the offer of second-class railway tickets to the Happy Valley from New York at a low price. On undertaking the journey, our author was surprised to find that these so-called "second-class" tickets entitled him only to emigrant accommodation. He also discovered that the kind Yankee, who got a percentage on the tickets sold, had sent him over a line of rail which not only took him 1,500 miles out of the way, but was intolerably hot. On arriving at the valley, the victim, after talking the matter over with his sons, whom he had sent on before him, decided to take the first train, which started in half an hour, back to San Francisco, having seen and heard enough in a few minutes to convince him he had been grossly deceived. Not a tree was to be seen, and very little cultivation of any kind. The last two artesian wells, dug at great expense, had failed to reach water. Nearly every inhabitant of the valley was a victim of the same swindle by which he had been entrapped, and nobody who could pay to get away showed any intention of remaining. Many, in expectation of remittances, were living on the charity of the one hotel-keeper in the district. How the others contrived to sustain existence our author does not say. Perhaps, like the Scilly Islanders mentioned by Mr. Andrew Lang, they "ecked out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing." At all events, our author found every one in a sad plight, and exclaiming in no measured terms against the conspirators who had robbed them and planted them in the wilderness without the means of escape. This is a sad tale, and we yield to no one in our desire to see rascality shown up. But it is surely not desirable that every one should be encouraged to air his grievance in a volume of print. There is a channel for the overflow of British indignation especially made and provided—namely, the columns of the leading journal. A letter to the *Times* is the recognized medium of communication between the irate Briton and the British public. The course our author ought to have adopted is clear. He should have appealed to his fellow-men through the interposition of the editor of the *Times*, under the heading, "Yankee Cuteness," or the Antelope Valley Swindle." He should have written a plain unvarnished tale of his sufferings and disappointment, or, better still, he should have got some one to write it for him—some one who could express himself with ease and accuracy. But, instead of pursuing this obvious course, our author seizes the opportunity to inflict upon the public a volume bearing the pretentious title of *The Truth about America*, though he does not profess to have even the most superficial acquaintance with any part of the United States, with the exception of small portions of California and Colorado. After modestly assuring the reader that his knowledge of the United States is superficial—a display of candour quite unnecessary—he adds, "If I have a talent for anything, it is the power of absorbing facts and describing them later." The italics are his own. Truly there is much virtue in an "if." He makes two notable discoveries. He finds there are some Americans who are addicted to boastfulness, and like to brag about their "glorious country." He is also much struck with the fact, perhaps one of the many he has "absorbed," that want of courtesy is common in the United States. The reader, without being too curios, might wish to know to what extent the vice of boastfulness had infected our American cousins; whether, for instance, it is common among the higher and better-educated classes, or only among the more ignorant and rowdy specimens of the free and independent citizen. On this important point our author vouchsafes but little information, and the little that he does give is both vague and contradictory. With regard to the prevalence of discourtesy, the author begins by remarking on the want of deference and courtesy among all classes: but on the next page he says that his remarks on that head are strictly limited to the "Yankee class." It becomes, then, of the first importance to ascertain what he means by the

* *Life-Histories of Plants*. By Professor D. McAlpine. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

† *The Truth about America*. By Edward Money. London: Sampson Low & Co.

"Yankee class." Here, again, the reader is confronted with a difficulty. He learns on page 7 that by the word "Yankee" the author understands "a denizen of the Northern States, but one of a low type." On the same page, however, the reader is told that, though "Yankees" "hail principally from the North," the author "has seen some in the South." With regard to their numbers, we are only told there are many of them. A dialogue is set out which is remarkable as containing the only trace of humour to be discovered in the book. As the author is no humourist, its accuracy is placed beyond question by internal evidence. The author spied at a railway-station in Colorado a pretty and well-dressed damsel of about sixteen seated near her trunk, from which the rope had slipped off. She invoked his aid, a call to which he gallantly responded. Then ensued the following dialogue:—

Girl. How stupid you are, don't fix it in that way. Can't you see the rope is long enough to go twice round?

Myself. All right; I'll do it so.

Having completed the job, as the young lady was sitting on the one chair available, I sat on her box, which was a large and strong one.

Girl. You fixed it well, thank you, but don't sit on my box.

Myself. Why not?

Girl. Because I don't like it. Can't you sit on the steps?

Myself. No, thank you, I'll stand.

Girl. Tell me when is the train doo.

Myself. Immediately. There it is coming now.

Girl. Guess the box is too heavy for one man. Will you help to fix it upon the car?

She did not wait for a reply, but ran and took her place. No more thanks. I looked round for some one to help with her box, and as I did so she put her head out of the window, and called to a man who was sitting in a cart, and had probably brought her and the trunk.

"Jimmy, can't you see my box? Help that man standing by it to ship it on the car."

Jimmy did kindly help me, and so the difficulty was got over; but I saw or heard no more of the American lassie.

As if the task he set before him were not sufficient to afford scope for his versatile energy, our author makes excursions into the domains of politics and arithmetic. He explains the method of multiplication adopted in decimal coinage, and is good enough to inform his readers that, "in casting up columns of English money figures we have to divide the total of the pence by twelve, the total of the shillings by twenty, and only set down the remainder, carrying over the quotient." In the domain of politics he attempts a high flight, and devotes several pages to an exposition of the advantages attendant upon universal disarmament, together with some remarks on the probable advent of the millennium. He is singularly deficient in the sense of proportion. He devotes nearly a quarter of the whole book to a treatise on the advantages of Colorado Springs, a town of five thousand inhabitants, as a health resort. As he was only there a week, he wisely abstains from giving much information at first hand, but quotes much from local handbooks.

"MANNERS MAKYTH MAN."

BOOKS like the one which is now before us have lately been as common as blackberries or anything else of the commonest. And the reason of their frequent appearance is not far to seek, for it follows from the very nature of the questions which they discuss. They consist of short essays on what may, perhaps, be termed household ethics, each chapter or essay dealing with "Family Government," "Keeping up Appearances," or some topic of a similar character. Now about these subjects all men have thought, most men have formed opinions, and not a few are sufficiently unselfish to put their views on paper and give them to the world. Hence a number of works have recently been published which may be described with all reverence as nineteenth-century editions of the Book of Proverbs. Indeed, the profession of our present author makes it not unlikely that he is consciously or unconsciously the imitator of King Solomon. For it seems clear from page 83 that the writer of *Manners Makyth Man* is a minister of religion. Even if this passage did not exist, the tone of the book would have left us in little doubt. It must be said that the book is not without its merits. It is good-natured, wholesome, and straightforward—just such a book as might be written by a pleasant, genial English gentleman who has arrived at that age which seems to encourage a rather agreeable garrulity. Our author's views are perhaps not strikingly original, nor is there anything specially brilliant about his style. But one cannot have everything, and it is much in these days if a book of this kind is not distinctly offensive. Moreover, the many anecdotes contained in it are never disagreeable, and some of them are decidedly good. One, which has no little dramatic force, we cannot forbear from quoting. It relates how a man recovering from delirium tremens was persuaded by a certain bishop to become a teetotaller. The story is told by the bishop himself, and goes on thus:—"Years went by, and not a drop of intoxicating liquor entered his mouth. Six, seven, eight years passed, and his resolution remained unbroken. On the anniversary of the eighth sober year his friends, thinking the reformation complete, resolved to give a dinner in his honour. A family circle, rendered happy by the temperance of its head, received the congratulations of intimate friends. But it was a feast of deadly wine. Healths were proposed, and he who was being honoured

* "Manners makyth Man." By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

was told that 'to drink his own health in one glass could certainly do him no harm after totally abstaining for eight years.' He drank the glass, and two years afterwards I was called in to visit a poor drunkard who was on his death-bed by reason of that one 'friendly glass.' It will be guessed from this anecdote that our author is affected by the now fashionable horror of alcohol. He believes, in accordance with the general view, that not money, but beer and spirits, are the root of all evil. On this subject, as on others, he says all the proper things, and his expressions will be echoed by numbers of his respectable fellow-countrymen. Respectability is, in fact, his principal characteristic, and his opinions on every question are most rigorously orthodox. Thus on p. 21 we are told, 'Money, talent, rank, these are the keys that turn some locks; but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master key that can open all.' Again, on p. 99 we are startled by the proposition that, 'if family government were well carried out in every home, children would be happier and better than they are now.' Nowhere, indeed, is our author more strictly in accordance with popular opinion than he is in his theories on Family Government; and we are bound to add that nowhere is popular opinion more at variance with the truth. According to our author's views on this topic, the whole energy of the parents should be devoted to producing unquestioning obedience from the children. That is the central dogma of the system. Let the children be converted into machines for executing the will of their parents, and as their parents will always, presumably, desire what is right, the children will grow up into model members of society. Now this doctrine is, as we think, completely false. Obedience of this kind, as it seems to us, is a virtue of which the importance is easily exaggerated. But, even if it were a very desirable virtue, we utterly protest against the theory that would make it the first object of home education. We must not, however, be led away into a discussion of this most thorny subject, and we will only say that our author's views on family government resemble closely his views on other questions—that is to say, they are respectable and commonplace. More than this cannot be said about them, nor is it necessary; for they coincide with those of four-fifths of Her Majesty's subjects, and are, therefore, familiar to our readers:—"It is the duty of man to work; woman's principal function is to please; in company you should be civil to your wife; you ought to be very careful whom you marry," and so on, all of which is perfectly true, but not altogether novel. Indeed, the writer is so good a sample of his countrymen that even his attitude of mind is, as we have hinted, that of the traditional Briton. He surveys mankind and their weaknesses with pitying impartiality, and sometimes reminds one of that other moralist who, standing afar off, thanked God that he was not as other men.

TWO NOVELS AND TWO TALES.*

THE author of *The Haven under the Hill* is seldom spontaneous or natural. Affectation and a perpetual straining after effect were scarcely less apparent perhaps in *Between the Heather and the North Sea* than in her present tale; but there were some delicately drawn characters in the former novel, notably those of the old rector and of the young curate who was to him as a son, which would redeem even greater faults of style than those which marred so many of its pages. In this new story Mrs. Linskill is less content than ever with her own undoubtedly good gifts. Her perpetual striving by flowery and over-laboured sentences to attain a superfine distinction of style only results in a poor sort of simulation of the less commendable mannerisms of George Eliot. One of these peculiarities is what has been called "the refined pedantry of semi-knowledge tricked out at secondhand in the stalest or freshest phrases of archaic schoolmen or neologic lecturers." The heroine's father, John Gower, is a jet-worker, who fails to succeed because in his noble reverence for art he will not produce what is cheap and common, but only what is good and beautiful. Local associations give Dorigen Gower a particular devotion to Cædmon, "the Milton of our forefathers," whom, as well as Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor, she can quote glibly on occasion. After a little coy self-depreciation, she comes to the conclusion that "the same thing would be required from her as had been required from the cow-herd Cædmon." She said, "I never lose sight of the idea that I owe much to having opened my eyes upon the same wild and rugged scenes as the eyes of Cædmon looked upon daily, to having breathed the same air, to living within sight and sound of the same sea; and, if in this world I am ever to be so free from earthly care and pressure as to have a soul fit to receive the same light from Heaven as Cædmon received, I feel strongly that I must be here to receive it." She became a poet, or, as the author floridly writes, "out of the depths, the depths of sorrow fused in the kindling fire of the spirit till the flame swept upwards with that rhythmical beating which became musical before she knew it." When her lover jilted her, "she

* *The Haven under the Hill.* By Mary Linskill, Author of "The Heather and the Northern Sea." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

That Other Person. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Author of "Thornicroft's Model" &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

The Master Hand. By "Pansy," Author of "Rebecca's Life" &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

In the Fort. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline" &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

took her pen and wrote; and when she had ended she knew that there was a poem written. Later she entitled it 'A SOUL'S RENUNCIATION.' Her poems made her famous. "There were faults in them of course," said one of her admirers, who added, "To my thinking her secret lies in her moods. The mood in which a poem has been written being certainly communicated to the reader if the expression be forcible enough and felicitous enough to convey it. To me that is the most striking difference between the two great poets of the time, Tennyson and Browning." The reader whom this lucid sentence teaches to discriminate between the gifts of the Laureate and those of the author of *Sordello* will find the subject continued on the same page. There seems no adequate reason why Miss Gower should not have become Mr. Salvain's wife and have been happy ever after, except that, according to the prophetic clergyman of the parish, she was destined to do other work than marrying. "Yes," he said, "you will live and you will work, and your work shall live also; and," added the humble-minded rector, in strong italics, "*it shall do good when I am dead and my sermons are forgotten.*" We have said, and it is a pleasure to repeat the assertion, that the author of this novel has many good gifts. She has real skill in the delineation of character; she has lofty aspirations; she has much true poetical feeling; she has noble thoughts, which sometimes find beautiful expression. If she would write these thoughts as they come to her, instead of polishing and furbishing them and cutting them up into sapient-looking aphorisms, her style would gain in simplicity and eloquence what it might lose in sententious pretentiousness. We had marked several very "high falutin'" passages for quotation, but kindness for an author whose books are high and pure in tone, the blemishes lying only on the surface, has pleaded successfully with us for their suppression.

That Other Person is by no means as good as some of Mrs. Hunt's earlier novels. The only persons we meet with in its pages who seem to have any notion beyond material enjoyments and the gratification of very earthly ambitions are the mistress of the hero and the doctor who attends her in her illness. Josephine, or Zeph, Treherne is at first very indignant on hearing that the man whom she intends to marry for his money is living with a young lady who is not his wife. When the parish clergyman's wife ridicules her for her squeamishness, she passionately asks her how she can be so unwomanly; but Miss Treherne was at heart a snob. She hated poverty, and although she loved John Simonds, she had no scruple in rejecting him when he became a poor schoolmaster. She worshipped rank and wealth in Mr. Daylesford. "She always reviled Providence for not giving her a well-filled wardrobe"; and she was not long in condoning the immorality of a man who was ready to supply the deficiencies of omnipotence. But if she could forgive the male sinner, she hated poor Hester Langdale with all the spitefulness of a shallow heart, and with all the uncharitableness of a woman who believed herself to be without sin. The good Doctor, however, told her that Hester came nearer to being a saint than any woman he ever saw; and Mr. Daylesford assured his wife that it was she who had sold herself, and not the poor discarded mistress. Mr. Daylesford is the least heroic of heroes, and his conduct to Miss Langdale in its selfish, complacent cruelty is much more abhorrent to the reader than it appears to be to the writer. There are two redeeming features in this rather unpleasing book. When a girl runs away from her lover she shows more common sense than most heroines. In her letter breaking off their connexion she gives a loophole for the healing of the quarrel, should it prove to have been the result of a mistake. "If an advertisement," she writes, "should appear in the *Times* saying 'Hester, you are wrong, I shall come back to you.' The other comforting element in the story is that the heroine, although brought up in poverty, and with no educational advantages, is utterly and altogether unlearned. Whatever may be the defects of her moral character, she is absolutely and refreshingly ignorant. She had never heard of Plato, or even of Mr. Browning. She could not have quoted a line of Cadmon to save her life, and there is rather a poor joke about her thinking that a Paris Bordone meant some sort of garment.

The author of *The Master Hand* appears to have grafted the heresy of the Manicheans on her very orthodox belief in the verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Rum is iniquitous in itself; beer is criminal in its very essence. Even cider has not escaped the taint of original sin, and home-made wines (here we are entirely with her) are despicably wicked. Nursing mothers by fortifying themselves with bitter beer against enervation have aroused in the breasts of their tiny offspring a fierce craving for alcohol, which as they grow up to manhood will not be denied. No one in this book, or in the world apparently, according to "Pansy," can quench his thirst with a draught of beer or cider without feeling an impassioned longing for rum. Ladies speak of the sin of drunkenness, as practised by their male relations, with a ghastly frankness which makes one shiver. A particularly modest and religious Miss Hartzell, on being questioned at a public picnic as to her brother's welfare by one of his schoolfellows, replies, "He left college, air, in disgrace, caused by drink, and has been going down steadily ever since." We know that reformed drunkards in this country as well as in America, who become temperance lecturers, are very boastful of their former sottishness. In this story a very virtuous Mr. Durant tells a young lady at the same picnic with unblushing effrontery that he "once lay in the gutter all night drunk." There are some very fas-

inating "young fellows" in this book. One of them, Charlie Lambert, is very nice indeed. "He is," says a friend of the sweater sex, "a good-hearted young fellow, who studies some, and lounges some, and smokes some, and is handy to have around," but he never goes to prayer meeting, though he is a church member. He was "a very well-bred young man, he paid some attention to the customs of polite society, and always wore faultless cravats of just the right shade, and was careful about his gloves and his perfumes, and a dozen other little things." It will be seen that *The Master Hand*, though published in this country, is largely impregnated with the idiomatic raciness of a distant soil. These are some of the sentences spoken by well-educated ladies and gentlemen:—"He is intellectual and kills himself studying nights, they say." "We want good singing and considerable of it." "I have more money than you, but I don't know as I am worse off on that account." Besides the various fascinating ladies and well-bred "young fellows" who crowd the pages of this tale, we have a wonderful old Miss Wainwright, who uses expressions which, to all soberly religious persons, must seem very irreverent.

In the Fort is a very simple, uneventful story, apparently written to order. The tale in itself, perhaps, was hardly worth telling; and yet it is told so gracefully that we almost sigh for more when we come to the last page. The story of the loves of Bennet Hill and Alice Grey—who began their courtship as Mrs. Malaprop thought a bride and bridegroom ought to begin their marriage, "with a little aversion"—is told with mingled pathos and humour of a chastened and sober kind. There is real power in the description of Krishnu Mirza's death.

A NEW PRINT.

AT the Gainsborough Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885 some attention was attracted to the curious camera exhibited by Mr. G. W. Reid. It consisted of a kind of screen set with panes of glass, on which the artist had painted transparencies. A strong light was placed within to show the pictures, which consisted of landscapes with effects of sunshine and moonlight, some of them very powerful, and all very pleasing. In fact, it was evident that on one or two of them Gainsborough had lavished all the great resources of his art, especially in order to gain that depth of tone which is so charming a feature in his landscapes in oil on canvas at the National Gallery, and notably of such pictures as the "Market Cart" and the "Watering Place." To obtain this effect on glass was not, of course, easy. To imitate it in etching, as may be imagined, is still more difficult. But M. Brunet Debaines has attempted the task, and with a remarkable measure of success. The view of Worcester, entitled "A Peep through the Trees," was selected from among the twelve examples, and the print, which measures about twelve inches square, is published by Messrs. Buck & Reid, of 179 New Bond Street. An artist's proof on vellum, of which only a hundred copies are issued, is before us. Wanting the transparent light and the brilliant colouring of the original, it is amazing with what skill M. Brunet Debaines has contrived to render the beauty of the view. The sky only strikes us as a little too hard; but this is caused by an excess of fidelity to the original. On the whole, nothing without colour can more nearly approach the painting, and we hope the success of this etching will encourage M. Brunet Debaines to try his hand at a rendering of the remaining eleven transparencies.

SERMONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.*

BELOWING that sermons should be preached on Church History, and that many of the clergy feel that they are unable to compose them, the Rev. Dr. Hardman has, in order to help his brethren to overcome their difficulties, published in this little volume a course of his own sermons on the subject, which, if read "with care and intelligence," may, he says, be used as sketches to be filled in by adding "a few words to give extra light or shade." Although his intention is excellent, he seems to underrate the education of the clergy, and to imagine that much that is unfamiliar to him must be new to others. His authorities are second-hand, and his acquaintance with them appears to be superficial. His statement that the name of the great ally of Gregory VII. was the "Countess Margaret" may perhaps be classed along with "Cœur de Lion," "porphyry columns," "Francis Bernardone," and other strange misspellings. But when he pretends to a knowledge of the contents of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman* in a sentence beginning "Piers Ploughman the cynical writer of his age," he shows that he is speaking of a subject of which he is profoundly ignorant. Among other astonishing revelations of ignorance, he tells us that Gregory VII. held a Council "in the Vatican," while his assertion that "before the Reformation" the cathedrals of Bristol and Westminster were Benedictine churches, is really worth remembering as a specimen of intricate blundering. The value of his judgment may be gauged by the remark that "Wycliffe is one of those men whose popu-

* *Lights and Shadows of Church History, from the Apostolic Times to the Present Day.* A Series of Short Sermons. By the Rev. William Hardman, M.A., LL.D. London: Sheffington & Son. 1886.

larity has greatly lessened under the keen light of recent investigation," and by the fact that he attributes the "period of torpor and decay" through which the Church is said to have passed in the eighteenth century to the loss she sustained in the withdrawal of the Nonjurors. Dr. Hardman's notions as to the construction of an English sentence will scarcely commend themselves to those for whose benefit he has published this book. These sermons have, we are told, been preached; and if, as the author implies in his preface, they have excited "a very deep and real interest" among "a great number of earnest Church people," he should have been content with so desirable, and, we may add, so unaccountable, a result. It is a pity that he has thought fit to reproduce them in a book, and has invited criticism by offering them as aids to the clergy of the Church of England.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

V.

AMONG our illustrated gift-books is one that easily claims indisputable pre-eminence, though it no longer possesses literary or artistic novelty. It is forty years since Kaulbach's imitable and exquisitely grotesque illustrations of the world-famous fable *Reinecke Fuchs* appeared in Munich, and rather more than forty since Mr. Arnold published his translation of Goethe's poem with "the admirable designs of Mr. Wolf." Mr. Niummo's handsome re-issue, *Reynard the Fox*, after the German version of Goethe by Thomas James Arnold, combines both series of illustrations, the sixty examples of Kaulbach reproduced by English artists and the twelve designs of Joseph Wolf in proof impressions on India paper from steel plates by Augustus Fox and R. H. Roe. The result is one of the most fascinating volumes of the season; paper, printing, and binding being altogether worthy of the work of poet and artists. Whether the heroic couplet of the translator is a more representative metre than a Hudibrastic treatment of octosyllabics in rendering the quality of the German is a question that calls for no discussion here, nor is any reader of this excellent translation likely to be greatly troubled that the prefatory notice on the bibliography and origin of the Reynard legend is not augmented by more recent researches into the Oriental sources of the fable than those of the late Mr. Eastwick. We are more concerned with the engravers' skill, the veracity with which Kaulbach's rich fancy and racy humour are reproduced, together with the congenial spirit of Mr. Wolf's clever drawings, and in these essential particulars the present edition is worthy of warm commendation. The genius of Washington Irving has stimulated the fancy of a considerable number of artists, among whom one of the most recent and the most successful was the lamented Randolph Caldecott, whose singularly happy illustrations of *Bracebridge Hall* are a permanent enrichment of that delightful story. A new adventurer in pictorial enterprise Mr. Gordon Browne can hardly be said to be, for he has done excellent work as a book-illustrator, yet he makes, we believe, a fresh departure in his designs for *Rip van Winkle*, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son. In Mr. Gordon Browne's hands the subject naturally arouses expectations of sympathetic results, the artist's predilection towards eighteenth-century life and its picturesque costumes being tolerably well known. In his treatment of the fantastic legend the artist shows a surer touch and livelier fancy in the human aspects than in the supernatural. He has but scantly suggested the haunting presence of the supernatural in the scene of Hudson's mute and ghostly revels, the wild cavernous heights, the dark ravine, and its gloomy hemlock forests. This scenic element is, of course, secondary to the human interest of the story, an impressive background to a pathetic and weird conception. On the other hand, Mr. Browne's designs illustrate with admirable force and feeling the piquancy of contrast between the new and the old generations of village folk of which Rip van Winkle is the bewildered victim. Full of vital character, of distinctive humour and vivacity, are the village gossips, the old tavern-chronicles of Rip, the wrangling politicians, and very charming are the studies of children. Rip himself is most picturesquely presented both before and after he has suffered his fearful mountain change. The central incident of the story, the awakening of the hero from his uncanny sleep, is depicted with a fervour that suggests the full significance of the appalling transformation, and vividly recalls the wonderful impersonation of the great American actor. Other capital studies of character may be noted in the single figures, the Nicholas Vedder (p. 44), Rip's martial ancestor (p. 20), Peter Vanderpomp, and Rip's "precise counterpart of himself" (p. 98). The artist's work shows throughout the closest accord to the text, in matters of minute detail as well as in spirit and delicacy of insight, and on the whole must greatly advance Mr. Gordon Browne's reputation.

Mr. Ernest Jessop finds fruitful inspiration in *The Knight and the Dragon*, an "Antient Ballade" by Tom Hood (Eyre & Spottiswoode). The artist's mock-medieval fancy is as richly and divertingly employed as in his illustrations of certain Ingoldsby Legends. Every page has its ingenious initial letters in black and red, its whimsical blending of old legend and modern life, its quaint pictorial quips like a running commentary or an illustrative gloss, full of audacious allusion, irreverence, and irrepressible animal spirits. Some of these marginal notes are delightful, as in the "End of the Tale," when the dragon holds the bold Sir Otto suspended in the scaly folds of his tail, and in the shadow of the policeman

and the muzzled dog. The conjunction of the Temple Bar griffin with the wily dragon stalking some innocent sheep is a funny concept, and equally humorous is the picture of the terrific fight between the dragon and the knight, in which the former employs his barbed tail as a weapon. But Mr. Jessop's inexhaustible burlesque almost baffles description, and to be enjoyed needs only to be studied in the genial mock-heroic mood. Mrs. Mary D. Brine's *From Gold to Grey* (Cassell & Co.) is a volume of verse descriptive of the varying aspects of nature in the country, with a profusion of woodcuts after E. F. Brewtnall, F. Dadd, H. Giacomelli, G. L. Seymour, M. Ellen Edwards, Allan Barraud, and other popular illustrators. As might be expected of a picture miscellany, the pictorial work varies greatly, and includes a good deal that is poor and insipid. *England, Scotland, and Ireland* (Routledge) is a translation from the French of P. Villars by Mr. Henry Frith, with six hundred illustrations from the original edition. This is a singular enterprise on the part of an English publisher, for there can be few people who care for guide-book illustrations of the familiar buildings of our great cities or the more famous scenes of picturesque localities. Oxford Street, or the view of Edinburgh from the Castle, or Brighton beach, as presented by the French artist, are exceedingly like their engraved counterfeits in similar publications. As to the text, the translator has not been troubled about the misconceptions of the author. Among our Annuals is the new volume of *Amateur Work, Illustrated* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), a storehouse of practical instruction in all descriptions of manual craft, illustrated with hundreds of excellent diagrams and designs. For young people surfeited with story-books and pictures, nothing could be more profitable than this interesting manual; it shows how photographs may be taken, how to construct wooden lathes, bracket shelves, tables, cupboards, model engines, how to paint stage scenery, to etch on copper, and to do many other things that seem impossible to the indolent young person. *The Rosebud Annual* (Clarke & Co.) is well adapted to small children, being printed in large type, and illustrated with a large number of cuts that are sure to delight, and need no explanation. *The Welcome Hour* (S. W. Partridge), another yearly volume, must be more commended for its letterpress than its engravings; the sketches and stories are well written, the papers on astronomy by Dr. Richer are capital, but the pictures are scarcely up to the standard of other periodicals of the class.

The sympathy and skill of Ismay Thorn's studies of children are once again convincingly demonstrated in *The Story of a Secret and the Secret of a Story* (Hatchards), illustrated by Mr. A. Cooper. We can scarcely refer to the story without betraying the secret, and both are best left to the reader. The story deals with the young members of a family whose literary instincts are well developed. The children, all of whom are charmingly delineated, start a magazine which differs from anything of the kind we have seen; the contributions are exquisitely childlike, the fair and fresh utterances of ingenuous minds, engaging first-fruits of budding ambition. The author's unswerving fidelity to the moods and speculations of childhood is admirably shown in every incident and in all the dialogue of this simple story. *Stories of the Magicians* (Seeley & Co.), by Professor A. J. Church, includes prose versions of Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer* and *The Curse of Kehama*, and the *Story of Rustem* abridged from M. Jules Mohl's translation of the *Shah-Nameh*. The first and last are excellent paraphrases, the *Thalaba* the most admirable example that the author has produced, and this, we are aware, is high commendation. The *Kehama* suffers greatly from the rigorous condensation; we miss the charm of rhyme, and feel it is a strange error in the adapter not to have given the original form of the ingenious curse. This, at least, should have been preserved. The designs in gold and colour from Oriental MSS. are cleverly reproduced. Mrs. Molesworth's *Four Winds' Farm* (Macmillan & Co.) is a beautiful story of a boy born and bred in the lonely moorland, who is keenly sensitive to the mysterious voices of nature, and in sore need of learning that those who observe the ways of the wind shall not reap. How he gives over his habit of day-dreaming and profitless questioning, and is tutored by the four beneficent winds who act as his guardians, are processes revealed with delicate fancy and insight by the author. The pictures by Mr. Walter Crane are very graceful and sympathetic. Every reader of Mr. Farjeon's delightful story *The Golden Land* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) will yearn to know more of the fortunes of the Spencer family in Australia. As it is, the end of the story concludes with something like a promise that the expected sequel is not a vain hope. The story is somewhat episodical in form, but the episodes are wonderfully vivid and enthralling. The sketches of children are exceedingly lifelike, the incidents of the sea-voyage and the descriptions of Australian travel are graphically told, and the illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne are in his most spirited style. *Its Own Reward*, by J. Sale Lloyd (Allen & Co.), is not one of the persuasive kind of stories; its style is stilted, and with characters and incidents rather incredible. We can hardly believe in the British artisans who looked at the burning house of their employer without offering to aid the super-heroic rector in rescuing the inmates. Mr. Aylmer, the rector, with his "outer man" made up of "firm sweet mouth," "earnest, violet-hued eyes," &c., and his inner man revolving on "one-pivot-love," is altogether too beautiful. And somehow he leaves no impression of heroism after we have read his record, in spite of his divine attributes. *Dinah Mite*, by Brenda (Lobster), tells of the salvation of a drunkard through the unconscious influence of the baby

heroine with the punning name. "Twas all along o' baby," as the children say. Dr. Kirton's *True Nobility* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a fairly comprehensive survey of the life and work of the late Lord Shaftesbury that will be welcome to those who have not read Mr. Hodder's biography.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. BARDOUX'S *La bourgeoisie française* (1) is a well-intentioned book of a kind which we cannot commend—the kind which is neither an essay summarizing conclusions without detailing proofs and evidences, nor a book containing all the necessary *pièces* and padding. It thus ingeniously unites the defects of both, the unsubstantiality of the essay and the tediousness of the book. The author's thesis, which might make an agreeable paradox or a valuable argument if it were treated in a different way, is that the "bourgeois au front glabre," despised and hated alike by noble, Bohemian, and *ouvrier*, has really been the salvation of France during the last hundred years. Unluckily this thesis invites the question, "Why did he not save it a little more?" And the answer, we fear, is simple—that the *bourgeois* has always been too anxious for his skin and his pocket to withstand revolutions, though no doubt as soon as their tyranny has been somewhat overpast he has done the State good service.

M. Quantin's *Fine Art Teaching Library* is unequal, as all series must be; but it is an excellent collection as a whole. M. Gonse's *L'art japonais* (2) has been dealt with elsewhere. M. Bouchot's *Le livre* is written with ease and grace, and abundantly illustrated with book-plates, reproductions of early cuts, printers' marks, &c. &c.

M. Boëlle (3) has followed up his school rendering of *Les misérables* with a similar treatment of the *Travailleurs de la mer*. The subject is very well suited to the purpose, and M. Boëlle's knowledge of Channel Island dialect comes in well. The deluge of etymological theories (for they are little more) in the notes is now almost universal in books of the class, and M. Boëlle is not a greater offender than his fellows. But we wish he would not talk of "Latin accentuation." Greek accentuation there is, and French accentuation there is, but what is Latin accentuation?

M. Paul Roinard has published in *Nos plaires* (4) (with a ghastly mask transfixed with daggers on the cover) an athletic effort to out-Richepin Richepin. The usual childish insults to decency and religion are given in the usual way, which is a pity, for they make it impossible to recommend a book which shows that its author has read not only Hugo and Baudelaire, but Regnier and Agrippa d'Aubigné, to some profit, and which contains some of the most vigorous verse published since M. Guy de Maupassant's *Des vers*.

Mme. Dronart's volume of English studies (5) is a pleasant book, ranging in subject from Sarah Marlborough to George Eliot, and from Lord Chesterfield to Anthony Trollope. One might point out some small errors of fact or appreciation here and there, but on the whole the author's knowledge of her subject is considerable, and her handling of it sympathetic and skilful.

M. Ulbach's sketches of tours in Spain and Portugal (6), a year or two ago contributed to the *Revue bleue*, and now collected, are fairly readable, but not much more. The author indulges in what has been called the "traveller's laugh" not altogether wisely.

Something the same, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of M. Tyssandier's *Figures parisiennes* (7), a series of papers on "celebrities." There is too much aiming at *esprit* in it. But it is very prettily printed and papered, and, as M. A. Houssaye, who prefices it, truly says, is free from the wearisomely affected depreciation of some young critics.

M. Hanotaux's series (8), or rather collection, of historical reviews or studies is a good example of popular historical essay-writing—also with a little too much *esprit* here and there. But this is perhaps excusable, as relieving a "dry" subject.

A good deal of useful information of various kinds, conveniently and unpretentiously put for the most part, will be found in MM. Bouinais and Paulus's *La France en Indo-Chine* (9). The chapter on *L'avenir* is interesting and written with studied moderation; but the authors do not remove (perhaps, indeed, they share) the belief that French Indo-China is not a political integer.

The great "History of Races" (10), which M. Hennuyer has begun

(1) *La bourgeoisie française, 1789-1848.* Par A. Bardoux. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des beaux-arts—L'art japonais.* Par Louis Gonse. *Le livre.* Par H. Bouchot. Paris: Quantin.

(3) *Les travailleurs de la mer.* Adapted for use in schools by J. Boëlle. London: Rivingtons.

(4) *Nos plaires.* Par Paul Roinard. Paris: Dumont.

(5) *Portraits d'outre-Manche.* Par Marie Dronart. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Espagne et Portugal.* Par L. Ulbach. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Figures parisiennes.* Par L. Tyssandier. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Etudes historiques sur le XVI^e et le XVII^e siècle en France.* Par G. Hanotaux. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *La France en Indo-Chine.* Par A. Bouinais et A. Paulus. Paris: Chalame.

(10) *Histoire générale des races humaines.* Introduction par A. de Quatrefages. Paris: Hennuyer.

with an introductory volume by M. de Quatrefages, is not a work to be hurriedly dismissed. We shall only say here that the opening volume is lavishly illustrated with cuts of skulls, flint implements, &c., and appears to be written up to the latest dates.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE approaching celebration of the Royal Jubilee is too good an opportunity to be missed by the industrious book-maker, and far too inspiring to be missed or marred by so experienced a hand as Mr. G. Barnett Smith. The *Life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria* (Routledge) is, on the whole, a workmanlike compilation, the material well arranged, the narrative clear and undeviating, and treated with taste and discretion. The author has wisely abstained from any attempt to summarize the progress of science or the characteristics of art and literature during the fifty years of Her Majesty's reign, nor does he injure the continuity of a biographical chronicle when dealing with political matters. His aim is to tell the story of Her Majesty's life, and his scrupulous fidelity to this aim must be commended. That the book should want an index is perhaps too common a fault in these days to call for notice, though the defect in the present volume is magnified by the nature of the work, and its bulk and pretensions.

Another Jubilee volume is Mrs. Armytage's *Wars of Queen Victoria's Reign* (Sampson Low & Co.), an extremely brief epitome of the naval and military operations of the last fifty years, written with simplicity and intelligence. The subject, however, cannot be adequately treated, even in the primitive form of a narrative, within the compass of this slight book of little more than two hundred pages; the record is too vast to be presented in full harmonious sequence when thus compressed in a mere nutshell. Compression is an excellent thing in a book; but it becomes undue pressure when it squeezes the vitality out of a subject, and Mrs. Armytage's narrative shows occasional signs of suspended animation. Nor is the retrospect so comprehensive as the title implies, for we find no reference to the insurrection of Louis Riel, though the Burmese expedition of last autumn is included in the account of our lesser wars. An appendix showing regimental services and list of victories is thoughtfully provided, and will be found useful.

Mr. C. O. Murray's illustrations to *Some Essays of Elia* (Sampson Low & Co.), if not the artistic product of perfect sympathy, are far removed from a demonstration of the impossibility of illustrating Lamb. There is, of course, little in the *Essays* that directly appeals to the objective instinct of an artist, and much of recondite allusion, of whim and humour and odd-unexpectedness, that altogether eludes the designer's hand. At the same time there remains ample material in character, incident, and scenic suggestion to stimulate the illustrator who has studied the subject, and is not to be deterred from what many lovers of Lamb will consider an audacious enterprise. Mr. Murray is at his best in illustrating "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," the essay on the decay of beggars, and "Dream Children." The sketches for the last are charming. His Ralph Bigod is a capital study, and equally good are the pictures of Captain Jackson. In "Poor Relations," with the exception of "your indigent she-relative" (p. 161), he is less successful, while the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" is but superficially treated, and decidedly the most disappointing work of the artist.

English readers, mindful of Carlyle's masterly criticism of Werner, should welcome an excellent version of the German poet's most notable work, *The Templars of Cyprus*, by E. A. M. Lewis (G. Bell & Sons), a recent addition to Bohn's Standard Library. The translator has supplied some useful notes that explain or illustrate the dark historical allusions in the text.

A cheap edition of Mr. J. R. Lowell's delightful essays, *My Study Windows* (Walter Scott), appears none too soon. To this new volume of the "Camelot Classics" Dr. Garnett contributes an Introduction, which differs from most of its kind in being something better than a mere *éloge* or elegant testimonial. Brief though it is and warmly appreciative, it is a sound and suggestive piece of criticism.

Nivalis, a five-act tragedy, by Mr. J. M. W. Schwartz (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is one of those provoking dramatic essays which seem to scorn the "loathed stage," for nothing but rigorous pruning and much reconstruction could render its representation conceivable. The characters are fairly well drawn, the heroine is a romantic and almost impressive figure, and what may be called the trunk-line of the plot is fresh and ingeniously developed. With all these good points the play is injured by superfluous characters, by diction that is diffuse and languid, and by the obstruction of side issues that impede the main dramatic action. In one place we find Viola greeting the heroine's sister thus:—

Good morrow, gentle sister, bright good morrow!
Young day e'en now embracing mother earth,
Has kissed the tear-drops from her rugged cheeks.
I saw him do it, as I plucked my flowers.

The infelicity of the phrase "I saw him do it" is perhaps matched by the following amazing metaphor:—

Fear! No; my conscience answers to the helm,
And from the first wild tumult of thy wrath,
It rights itself to keep a steady course.

Songs from Shakespeare, illustrated (Cassell & Co.), includes the more famous lyrics of the dramatist, with musical settings by

Arne, Purcell, and Schubert. Some of the woodcuts have appeared in other publications, and are here diverted to a new purpose. This practice may be ingenious, but it is not to be commended.

Mr. Dejen L. Roy's *Lyrics of Ind* (Trübner & Co.) are designed "to harmonize English and Indian poetries as they ought to be"; but the author has not succeeded in this difficult task, or shown the necessity of the undertaking. There is nothing in this thin volume of tolerable verse that might not have been produced by one who had never been in India. Dr. Spence Watson's kindly biographical notice of the author serves to predispose the amiable reader towards Mr. Joseph Skipsey's *Carols from the Coal-fields* (Walter Scott). Without this preparation there is enough in the Tyneside poet of natural spontaneity and vigour to interest and charm. Some of the ballads and lyrics have a pleasing air of unaffected homesickness, and are free from imitative trick or dexterity. Some tuneful verse and pretty conceits may be gleaned from Mr. Henry Septimus Sutton's *Poems* (Glasgow: Main). The most interesting poem in the collection is also the longest. In "Clifton Grove Garland" the poet introduces in a vision a number of Nottingham worthies, among whom are Kirke White, the Howitts, and the author of *Featus*; and the first of these opportunely leaves behind him a MS. poem that sets forth the local legend which is told in "The Fair Maid of Clifton." This curious poem is written with old-fashioned forthrightness, and is skilfully handled.

The *Pilgrim Band* (Skeffington) is the title of a series of short sermons by the Rev. H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, illustrating the comradeship of Christians, and designed to strengthen the sense of fellowship. They are practical in style and earnest in admonition.

Beckonings for Every Day (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a little book of extracts from well-known writers, arranged by Lucy Larcom, with verse and prose quotations for each day in the year. The selection in this "Calendar of Thought" is judicious and varied.

We have received from Mr. Edward Stanford the *Intermediate School Physical and Political Atlas*, an admirable example of the "London Geographical Series."

Among our new editions are Mr. George Meredith's *The Egoist* (Chapman & Hall); *The Siege of London*, &c., by Mr. Henry James (Macmillan); the *Life of Frank Buckland*, by Mr. G. C. Bompas (Smith, Elder, & Co.); and *Notes and Jottings of Animal Life*, by the late Frank Buckland (Smith, Elder, & Co.).

We have received the *Minutes and Proceedings*, 1885-6, of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in four volumes, with the *Charter, By-laws, and List of Members* of the Institution.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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FRIEDRICHSHALL.

THE WELL-KNOWN APERIENT MINERAL WATER.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By reason of an improved method of caption, by which dilution
 is avoided, FRIEDRICHSHALL WATER will be found now
 to be of CONSIDERABLY GREATER STRENGTH and
 EFFICACY than heretofore.

The ordinary dose is a large wine-glassful (4 ounces), taken fasting. Most
 efficacious and more acceptable to the palate when heated or mixed with an equal
 quantity of very hot water.

"I know nothing at all equal to Friedrichshall. The LONGER it is
 taken the SMALLER is the quantity necessary to effect the purpose."

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S. Lond.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

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